

NEW TERROR TALES IN THE CREEPY TRADITION!!

PDC

ERIE

MAY
No. 3

A WARREN MAGAZINE 35¢

ILLUSTRATED PLUNGE
INTO MONSTROUS
FRIGHT!



TRAPEZI



GLAD YOU **FOUL FIENDIES** CREEPT BACK
FOR ANOTHER SHRIEK SESSION HERE AT
THE MOLDY MAUSOLEUM...**UNCLE CREEPY'S**
WRITHING IN RAGE AT THE RECEPTION RIOT
GIVEN MY HYSTERICAL COLLECTOR'S EDITION
OF TOMB TOMES! SOME OF THE COMMENTS
IN OUR **NEW LETTERS PAGE** SHOW YOU WHY...

...BUT FOR NOW,
STEEL YOUR NERVES
FOR THIS LATEST
ISSUE OF...
EERIE!

ERIE

NO. 3

PUBLISHER: James Warren **ASSISTANT TO PUBLISHER:** Richard Conway
COVER: Frank Frazetta **EDITOR:** Archie Goodwin **LETTERING:** Ben Oda
STAFF ARTISTS: Eugene Colan, Reed Crandall, Steve Ditko, Frank Frazetta,
Rocco Mastroserio, Gray Morrow, Joe Orlando, John Severin,
Jay Taycee, Angelo Torres, Alex Toth, Al Williamson

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DEAR COUSIN EERIE



... Now I'm not the type to write in and complain about petty mistakes, but I think you made a pretty big boo boo. Correct me if I'm wrong, but isn't the March 1966 issue, the one that came out December 28, 1965, supposed to be issue #1, and not #2 as you have on the cover and on the first page?

Gary Henry
Glendora, California

The above letter reflects what almost every piece of mail asks concerning our COLLECTOR'S EDITION of EERIE. You FIENDISH FANS also tied up our switchboard and even dropped by in person to get the answer... So, before turning this Letters Column over to the wart-covered hands of COUSIN EERIE, we'd like to make an explanation concerning the numbering.

As announced in all Warren Publications, EERIE #1 was scheduled to go on sale December 28th, but during the summer of 1965, it became necessary to take legal steps toward the protection and registration of the title EERIE. This involved putting out a digest-size edition designated "#1", using some of our backlog material, which was published nationally and sold throughout the country in various selected cities. This secured our right to the title, but made it necessary to number the collector's edition "#2".

Unfortunately for collectors of our back issues, copies are no longer available. However, there is no reason to be dismayed as ALL the material has since been incorporated into CREEPY and EERIE. So actually, you haven't missed a thing. And speaking of THINGS, crawly COUSIN EERIE is straining at his

shroud, so we'd better give the Letters Column back to him while there's still some room.—Ed.

I've just received my acknowledgement for a six-issue subscription to your magazine. I'm the FIRST person in the neighborhood to subscribe. I'm getting the FIRST copy of your mag. Why not be the FIRST to congratulate you on your work?

Congratulations!

I can say that even before I see your work, because I know it will be terrific. Why not start an "Eerie Fan Club" like your cousin CREEPY did? Well, I'm going back to the old dungeon now, so, good luck and may your mag be allowed to thrive for a long time.

Ralph Forestel
Mt. Royalton, Ohio

This was also the FIRST fiendish fan letter I received, so it's only natural that it should be the FIRST printed on the letters page... but since I'm far from natural, it's printed second!—CE.

Wow! When you guys came out with CREEPY it was the greatest! Then, to really do a re-take, you blasted us with BLAZING COMBAT... Now, to freeze the spine of every connoisseur of "Terrific literature" (That's right, LITERATURE), you spook us with EERIE.

Usually when I read one of your magazines there are some stories that don't really do anything for me, but now that ole COUSIN EERIE has made our skinny UNCLE CREEPY move over, you have a way to double your terrific artistic and literary punch. EERIE was deep in the tradition of good ole CREEPY and BLAZING COMBAT for excellence.

By the way, the Monster Gallery is a superb idea, glad you thought of it. It can really keep the uninformed informed and even teach us old experts a few things.

Frank Miranda
Marysville, California

After a two month wait, I find myself now clutching my copy of the March issue of EERIE. You know what? I like it better than CREEPY! But I like UNCLE CREEPY better than I like COUSIN EERIE... Now I know you're confused. Actually, working on CREEPY for the past year or so has given you madmen at Warren a little more polish. I personally feel that the first edition of EERIE is much better than the first issue of CREEPY, from every point of view: Cover, Stories, Artwork. The thing I enjoyed most was that there was more descriptive narration, which added im-

mensely to my enjoyment of the stories, as it added mood and drama to the art...

One of my favorites in the current edition is "Eye of the Beholder", illustrated by Jay Taycee. I have never heard of this gentleman, and have my suspicions that it is not his real name... But then again, I'm the same idiot who thinks that Archie Goodwin and Joe Orlando are the same person...

Everyone will tell you that Frazetta's cover was beautiful, but let me add that they would all be so much more endearing if they were completely free from the imprint of title logo, issue number, and other blurbs that must be on the cover. I wish all the covers could be presented in the style of BLAZING COMBAT, with the illustration completely free from such matter, and surrounded by a border...

I do hope the Warren Publishing Empire continues to expand. I realize that taking a chance on a 35c "comic book" could be a very risky and financially disastrous experience. But Warren is currently the only publisher who is presenting terror and adventure yarns left untouched by the censors... I look forward to more Warren Magazines along the lines of CREEPY, BLAZING COMBAT, and EERIE. And you can be sure I will follow these existing titles steadily, and regularly I'll be there to complain about that which I did not like, and to praise you for what I did enjoy...

William M. Warner
Bronx, New York

I have enclosed my version of CREEPY's COUSIN EERIE, partly drawn from the half-picture in CREEPY #7's fan mail section. Please hurry out with EERIE so I can see how close I came to capturing his likeness.

Bob Merz
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Great is all I have to say for EERIE. Every story was fabulous and the art was done in the CREEPY style. I especially liked "Ahead of the Game" and "One for De-Money". The artwork was most realistic in the latter. Please avoid stories about the Frankenstein monster. I have seen him killed so many times, it's starting to get boring.

Mike Mattei
Skokie, Illinois

I DO avoid stories about the Frankenstein monster... It's just that I use stories about monsters that are SIMILAR to the Frankenstein monster! But even you will like this issue's "Monsterwork" on page 27.—CE.

Your new magazine is just too great for words! Matter of fact, I thought it was so superb that I bought THREE copies (one for myself and two for our monster club, in which UNCLE CREEPY and you have been made honorary members). I am also delighted over the fact that CREEPY will be out one month, and EERIE the next.

I have just one complaint, though, even if it can't be fixed now. I would like to see how many agree or disagree with me. I think it sounds a whole lot better to say "Uncle Eerie" and "Cousin Creepy." Anyway, I hope EERIE will be as big a success as CREEPY and that Frank Frazetta will keep those spine-chilling covers coming. Good Luck!

Bambi Searfoss
Belle Mead, New Jersey

Personally, I don't think there's anything to say about CREEPY that will sound better!—CE.

After reading your second great issue, I have come to the conclusion that CREEPY is inferior to the great new EERIE. One thing though. Please keep EERIE free of science fiction, o.k.? I like EERIE because you didn't run any robot-rocket jazz. There's a lot of difference between s-f and horror, you know...

Brian Shane
Erie, Pennsylvania

Your stories in EERIE are good, but not quite as good as the ones in CREEPY... Michael A. White

McKinney, Texas

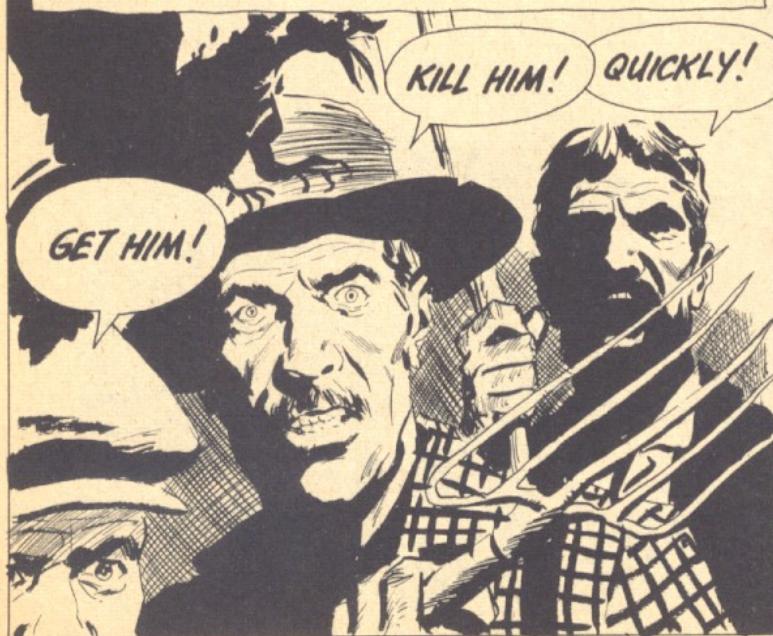
Want to write us? Address your poison pen letters to: EERIE LETTERS, Dept. 3, 301 East 47th Street, New York, N.Y. 10017

WELCOME TO A WILD BIT OF WEIRD WIZARDRY FROM MY MOLDY MAUSOLEUM OF MANIACAL MEMORIES! YOU'LL BE MEETING DR. CLIFFORD LOCKE, WHO WEAVES THIS PIECE OF WITCHCRAFT... A SPELLBINDER THAT TOUCHES ON THE VERY...

SOUL OF HORROR!



I DO NOT KNOW THE EXACT DETAILS OF SIMON HECTATE'S DEATH. HE WAS AN EVIL MAN, UNMOURNED BY THE NEW ENGLAND VILLAGERS OF LARCHWICK. A FEW WHISPERED FACTS ARE CERTAIN: THE DATE WAS AUGUST 25, 1915... THE DEED WAS DONE TO THE LOUD SCREECHINGS OF BLACKBIRDS...



THERE IS A LOCAL SUPERSTITION ABOUT BLACKBIRDS... THEY LIE IN WAIT FOR THE SOULS OF THE DYING, THEIR SCREECHES AND CHATTERING IN TUNE WITH THE LAST BREATHS! IF THEY CATCH THE DEPARTING SOUL, THEIR CRIES SHRIEK THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT, IF NOT...

LISTEN!
THEM
BIRDS HAVE
STOPPED!

JUST FLYIN' AWAY... SIMON
HECTATE'S SOUL IS
STILL FREE!



ALL THIS I LEARNED LATER. AT THAT SAME MOMENT, AS NEW RESIDENT DOCTOR TO THE AREA, DEATH WASN'T ON MY MIND, BUT LIFE... LEMUEL CATLETT WAS BEING BORN...



D-DOCTOR...
S-SHE'S...
DEAD!



I PLACED THE BABY IN HER ARMS AND STEPPED BACK... FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE MOTHER LOOKED INTO THE SHINY BLACK EYES AND RUDDY FACE OF HER SON...



THE TRAGEDY SAT ON ME LIKE A ROCK... MY WORDS OF COMFORT TO THE FATHER CAME FROM A CHOKED THROAT...

I'VE NEVER ENCOUNTERED ANYTHING LIKE IT... YOU MUST TAKE COMFORT IN THE BOY! HE'S ALL RIGHT... DOING WELL...

YES... I STILL HAVE... THE BOY...



IN THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED, THE EFFECT OF THE TRAGEDY WAS SOFTENED SOMEWHAT BY INVOLVEMENT IN MY WORK... ALTHOUGH EACH TIME I MADE THE ROUNDS OF THE BACKWOODS COMMUNITY, I'D STOP AT THE CATLETT FARM...



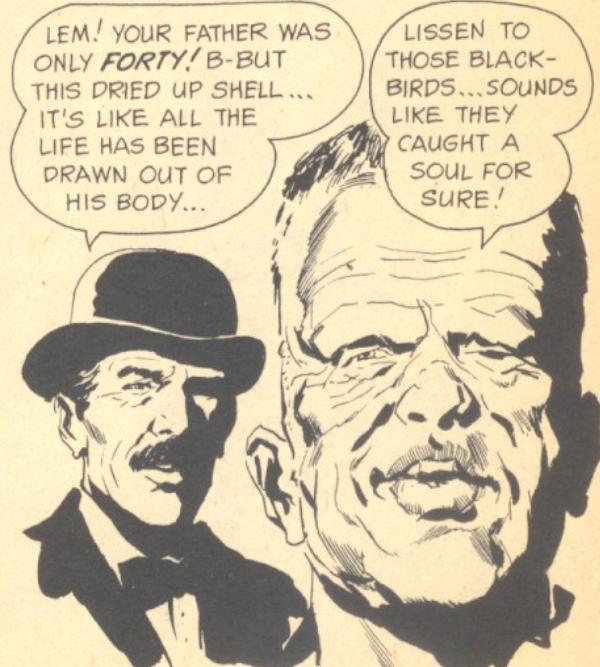
AFTER A YEAR, IT BECAME OBVIOUS TO ALL LARCHWICK, LEMUEL WAS NOT NORMAL... VILLAGERS BEGAN STEERING CLEAR OF THE CATLETT PLACE AND IT WAS SAID EVEN ANIMALS SHIED AND BALKED WHEN THE BOY WAS OUT...



THROUGH THE YEARS, LEMUEL'S PHENOMENAL DEVELOPMENT CONTINUED, INCREASINGLY GROTESQUE... LIKE SOMETHING HUGE STRETCHING A CHILD'S FORM TO MAKE IT FIT! AND LEMUEL WAS NOT THE ONLY ONE CHANGING...



THE YEARS ALSO BROUGHT CHANGES FOR ME... LOVE AND MARRIAGE... THOUGH A TERRIFYING EVENT MARRED MY WEDDING DAY...



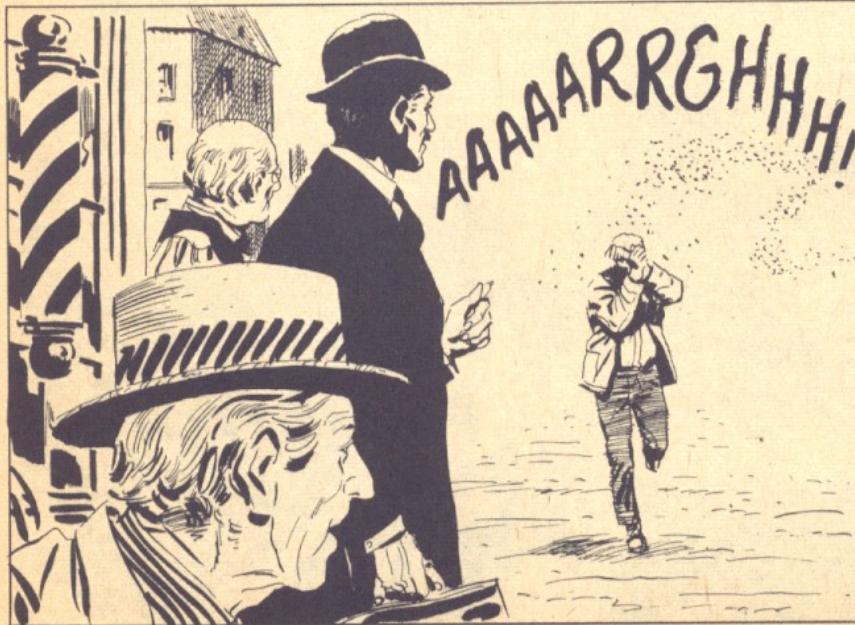
CATLETT'S FARM LEFT LEM WITH ENOUGH TO LIVE ON! THE RURAL SCHOOLS COULD OFFER HIM NOTHING. HE WAS LEFT ALONE, TO HIS AND LARCHWICK'S SATISFACTION. TIME PASSED... THEN THE HORRORS BEGAN...



THE IMAGE OF THE SAVAGELY TORN BODY HUNG IN MY MIND ON THE TRIP HOME, UNTIL A GROTESQUELY FAMILIAR FORM APPEARED AHEAD...



THE NEXT TIME THERE WAS NO NEED TO CALL ME... DEATH CAME SCREAMING RIGHT INTO THE CENTER OF LARCHWICK!



DON'T LIKE IT! FIRST SAM,
NOW ABE... THEY WAS BOTH
WITH US THAT NIGHT 'GAINST
SIMON HECATE... LAWDY,
I DON'T LIKE IT!

THE HINT OF A PATTERN MADE THE SECOND DEATH
ALL THE MORE CHILLING... AND WHILE MAKING MY
ROUNDS, YET ANOTHER PATTERN SEEMED EVIDENT...

LEM! JUST LIKE WHEN
I WAS COMING HOME
FROM SAM'S...



IT WAS A BUSY TIME. I HAD MY PATIENTS AND MY WIFE
WAS NOW WITH CHILD, YET SOMEHOW I COULD NOT PUT
PUT LEMUEL'S WOODLAND WANDERINGS FROM MY MIND...
SOMETHING DROVE ME TO CHECK THE AREA HE HAD BEEN
FREQUENTING...

A SHACK! THEY'VE SAID
SIMON HECATE LIVED
SOMEWHERE IN HERE...



INSIDE AND OUT, IT WAS A PLACE
OF ROT AND DECAY... FOUL AIR...
LACED WITH COBWEBS... STILL IT
SEEMED TO ME, THE SHACK WAS
BEING USED!

THE FIREPLACE!
THOSE BRICKS
LOOK LOOSE!



BEHIND THE BRICKS I FOUND THEM!
HELLISH VOLUMES SANE MEN LONG AGO
HAD HOPED WERE DESTROYED... INCANTATIONS,
SPELLS, CHANTS, AND POTIONS...
DARK BOOKS FOR THE PRACTICE OF EVIL...

THOSE ARE MINE!
WHAT RIGHT DO YOU
HAVE TO BE HERE?
WHAT RIGHT?



THE PINCHED ADULT FACE IN THE MISSHAPE
CHILD'S HEAD WAS RED WITH ANGER... THE
SHINY BLACK EYES GLARED INTO ME... I
WAS GRIPPED BY A GNAWING FEAR AND
FLED WITHOUT SAYING A WORD...

STAY AWAY FROM HERE!
THIS IS **MY** PLACE!
BEST YOU LEAVE
ME ALONE!



AGAIN, TIME NUMBED ME... THERE WERE MANY CALLS AND MY WIFE'S CONDITION TO BE CONCERNED WITH. UNEVENTFUL MONTHS PASSED AND I LAUGHED ABOUT MY FEAR ... THEN...

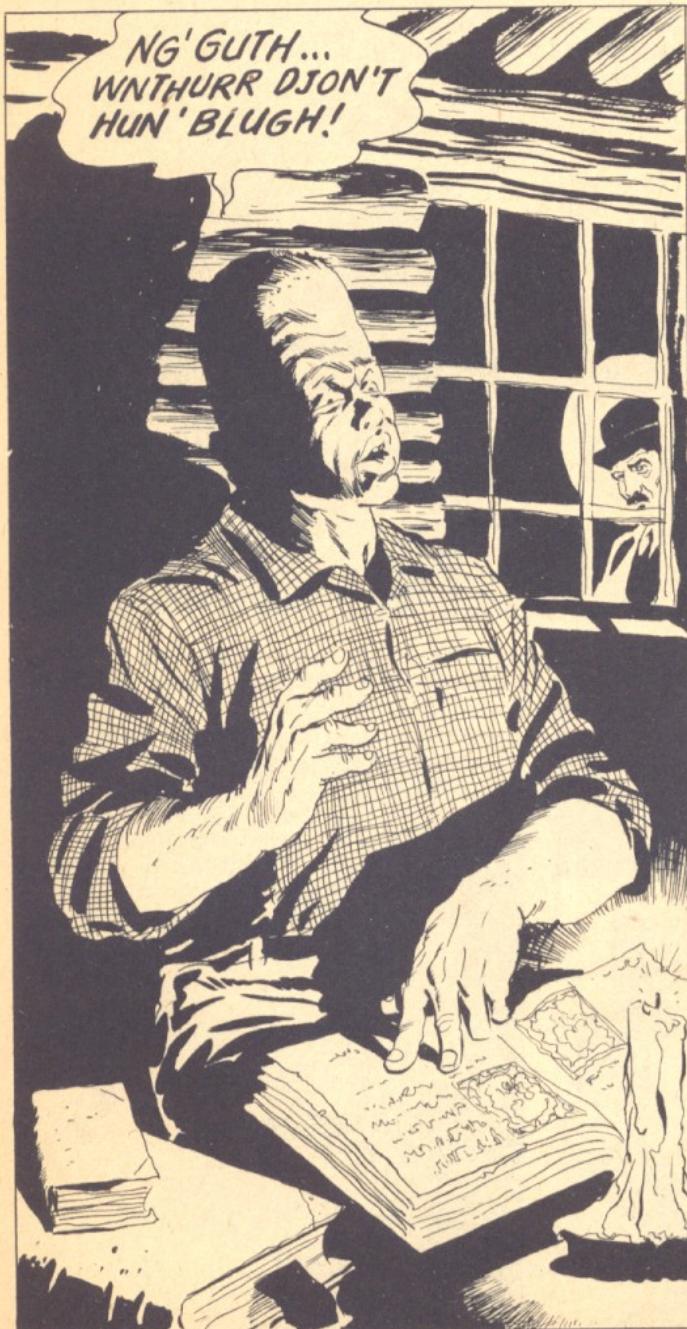
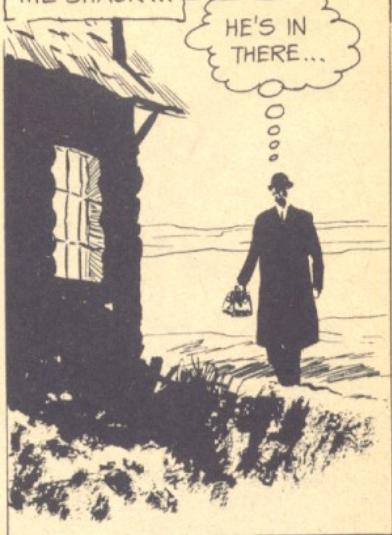
THEY WAS



THESE ARE THE LAST TWO! ALL THE MEN RUMORED TO HAVE KILLED SIMON HECATE ARE... DEAD!



I KNEW WHAT I MUST DO!
IT WAS LATE, BUT THE MOON WAS HIGH AND FULL... I HAD NO TROUBLE FINDING MY WAY TO THE SHACK...



...I HAVE THE POWER TO STEAL LIFE FROM ANOTHER BODY SO MY OWN INFANT SHELL WILL GROW AND MATURE QUICKLY! AND, DOCTOR LOCKE, I HAVE THE POWER TO STRIKE YOU DEAD AS YOU STAND!

R'NERTH...
ABSLTH...
GONDAR---

THE HIDEOUS LITTLE MOUTH GRINNED AS IT SPEWED FORTH THE DEADLY SPELL FROM THE FORBIDDEN BOOKS... I STRUCK WITH THE ONLY THING AT MY COMMAND!

I BROUGHT YOU INTO THIS WORLD AND...



THE THING I GRAPPLED WITH WAS LESS THAN TEN YEARS OLD, YET HAD THE STRENGTH AND POWER OF A MAN MORE THAN MY EQUAL... LEM NEEDED NO SPELL... HE WAS KILLING ME WITH HIS BARE HANDS!



THERE WAS NO SENSE OF VICTORY OR TRIUMPH AS I RAN FROM THE SHACK... ONLY HORROR AND REVULSION! ABOVE ME I COULD HEAR THE BEATING BLACKBIRDS' WINGS AS THEY SILENTLY FLEW AWAY...



SOMEHOW I MADE IT BACK TO LARCHWICK... TO MY OWN HOME...

WE HAD
DOC! WE'VE LOOKED
ALL OVER FOR YOU...
YOUR WIFE... THE BABY
CAME PREMATURELY!



HALF-DAZED, I WAS PUSHED INSIDE... FEELING LIKE A MAN IN A DREAM...

I WANT YOU TO KNOW, LOCKE... I DID EVERYTHING I COULD! THINGS SEEMED TO GO WELL... THEN, WHEN IT WAS OVER, SHE... BUT YOU SHOULDN'T THINK OF THAT! TRY TO THINK ABOUT...



I STARED AT THE WRINKLED RED FACE BEFORE ME... HAD MY WIFE SEEN THE SAME HORRORS IN THOSE SPARKLING BLACK EYES AS MRS. CATLETT IN LEM'S? I COULDN'T BE SURE... HE LOOKED BRIGHT AND FINE... YET SOMEWHERE I COULD STILL HEAR A VOICE SAYING:
CALL ME SIMON!



NO USE KIDDING AROUND (HEH, HEH)... DOC LOCKE'S REALLY GOT A PROBLEM! HOPE HE CAN FIND AN ANSWER... ALTHOUGH IT MIGHT TAKE QUITE A SPELL TO GET TO THE SOUL OF THE MATTER!



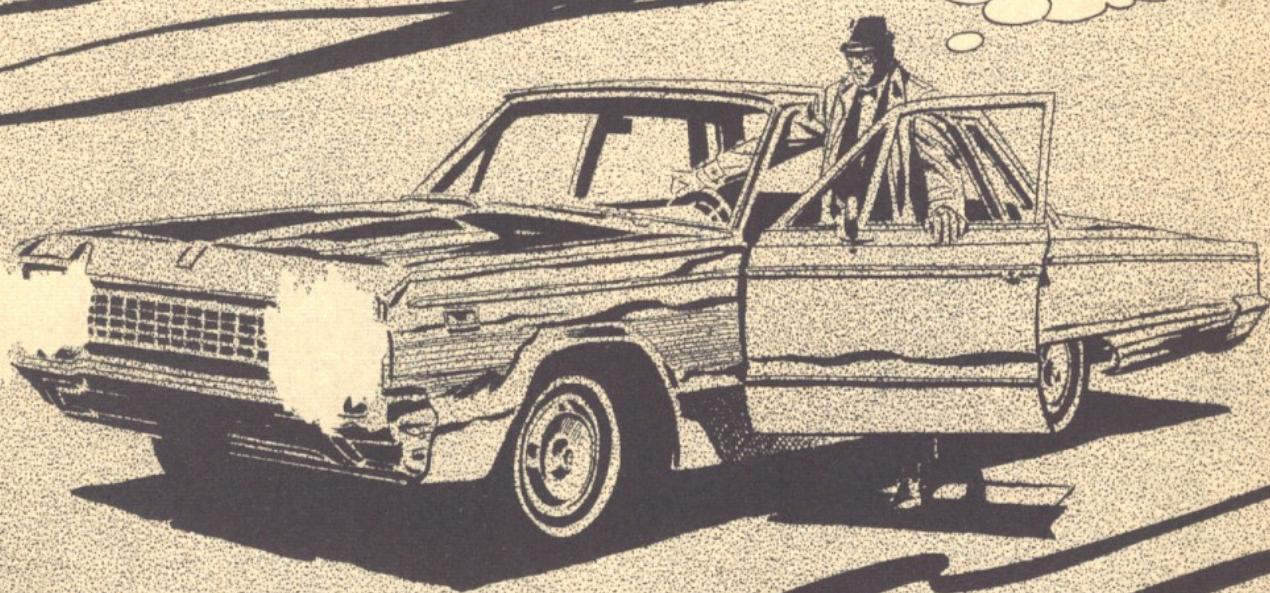


TO KICK OFF THIS **GHOSTLY-GASSER** FROM MY **GORY GAZETTE**, LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO **ROGER CULP**, A LITERARY AGENT, WHO IN HIS OWN WORDS WILL TELL YOU OF THE **EERIE EVENTS AND HORRIBLE HAPPENINGS** TAKING PLACE IN AND AROUND...

THE LIGHTHOUSE!

"THE ROCKBOUND COAST OF MAINE IS A LONG WAY FROM MANHATTAN'S COCKTAIL PARTIES AND LITERARY TEAS, BUT WHEN MY TOP WRITER WAS LATE TO THE PUBLISHER WITH A BOOK FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS CAREER, I DECIDED TO MAKE THE TRIP... IF ONLY I HAD KNOWN!"

BLASTED
PEA-SOUP! DRIVING'S
IMPOSSIBLE! MAYBE
I CAN FIND THE
LIGHTHOUSE ON
FOOT...CAN'T
BE FAR...



"WHY ERIC STANDISH WOULD GIVE UP A PENTHOUSE TO WRITE IN AN ABANDONED LIGHTHOUSE WAS BEYOND ME, ALTHOUGH EACH STEP I TOOK THROUGH THAT FOG ENSHROUDED NIGHT BROUGHT ME CLOSER TO AN ANSWER..."

LISTEN TO THAT SURF POUND...ERIC'S PLACE MUST BE NEAR BY... I CAN--

HELLO!
WHO'S THERE?

MATTHEW
FRYE! IS IT YOU,
MATTHEW FRYE?

Al Williamson
66

"SHE SEEMED TO WANDER OUT OF NOWHERE...UNTOUCHED AND UNAFFECTED BY THE NIGHT'S CHILL AND THE DAMPNESS OF THE ENVELOPING MISTS..."

Y-YOU'RE NOT MATTHEW FRYE...

NO...BUT I'M LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TOO! ERIC STANDISH... SUPPOSED TO LIVE IN THE OLD LIGHTHOUSE...I CAN'T FIND IT IN THIS FOG!

Y-YES...THE LIGHTHOUSE! COME...THIS WAY...

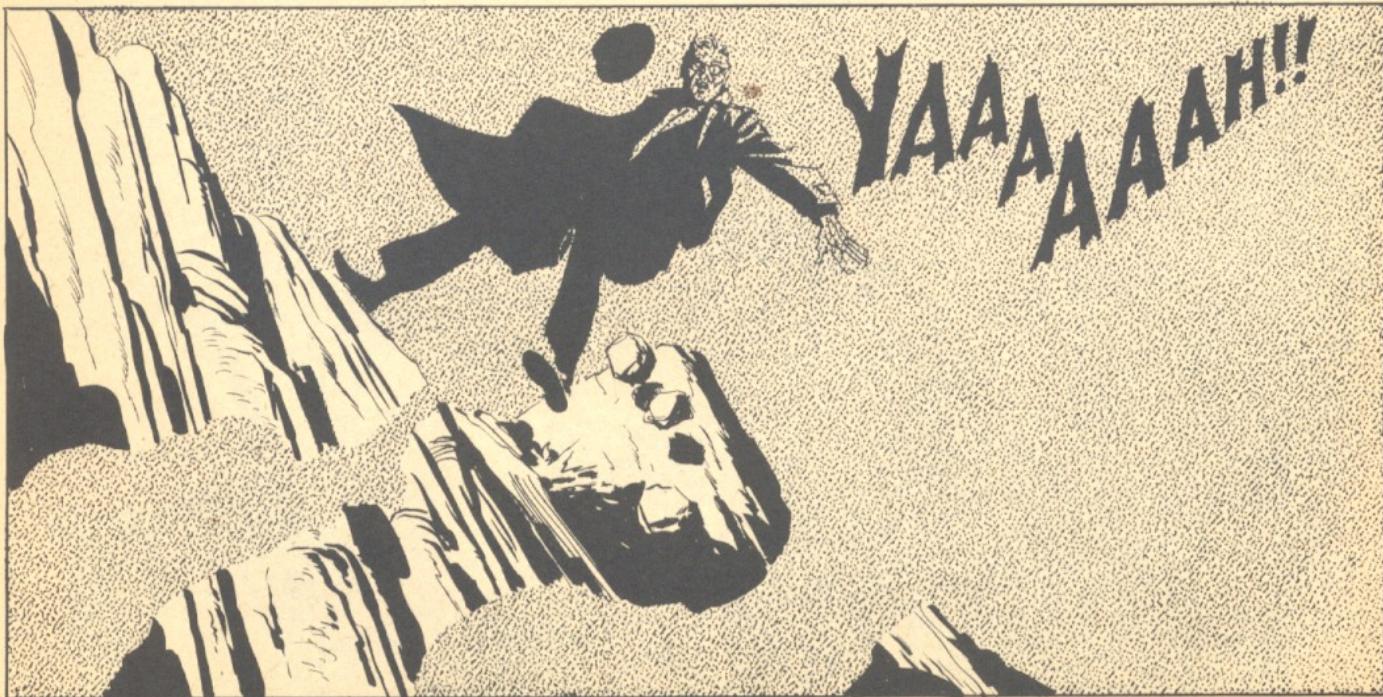


"THE GIRL MOVED WITH SURENESS THROUGH THE LAYERS OF FOG... AHEAD, THE BOOMING SOUND OF THE ATLANTIC BREAKING ON THE COASTAL ROCKS GREW LOUDER AND NEARER..."

"THE OCEAN'S ROAR BECAME LIKE NEAR-BY THUNDER...THEN WITHOUT WARNING, THE LANTERN LIGHT WAS GONE!"



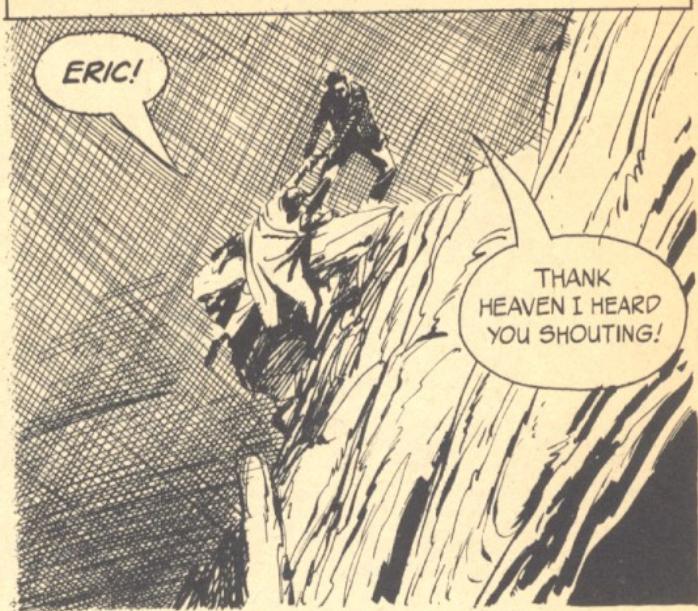
YAAAAAAAH!!



"MY HANDS BECAME CLAWS SCRAPING AND CLINGING TO THE WET EARTH AND ROCKS OF THE CLIFF'S EDGE, WHILE MY LEGS THRASHED IN EMPTY AIR, 100 FEET ABOVE THE POUNDING SURF!"



"FOR ETERNAL MOMENTS I DANGLED LIKE DEADWEIGHT, WATCHING IN HORROR AS MY FINGERS GREW STIFF AND NUMB AND SLOWLY BEGAN TO SLIP..."



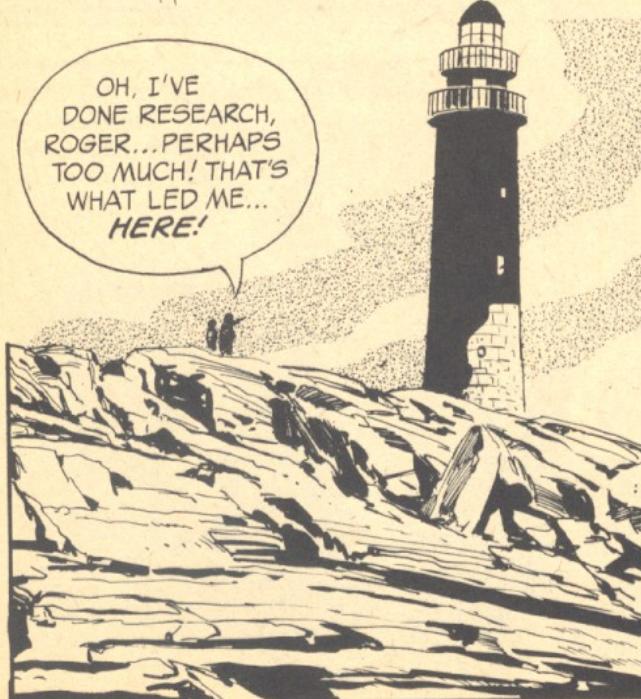
"GROUND WAS BENEATH MY FEET AND I LOOKED GRATEFULLY INTO A FAMILIAR FACE... A FACE SOMEHOW GROWN QUICKLY OLD AND TIRED..."



"ERIC LISTENED WITH GRIM RESIGNATION AS I TOLD HIM WHAT HAPPENED... LIKE A MAN HEARING FROM HIS DOCTOR THAT HE HAS A FATAL DISEASE!"



"OH, I'VE DONE RESEARCH, ROGER... PERHAPS TOO MUCH! THAT'S WHAT LED ME... HERE!"



"ERIC HAD DONE THE BEST HE COULD TO MAKE HIS QUARTERS SNUG AND COMFORTABLE... BUT NO AMOUNT OF HOMEY TOUCHES COULD CUT THE PERVADING GLOOM THAT HUNG ABOUT THE OLD LIGHTHOUSE."



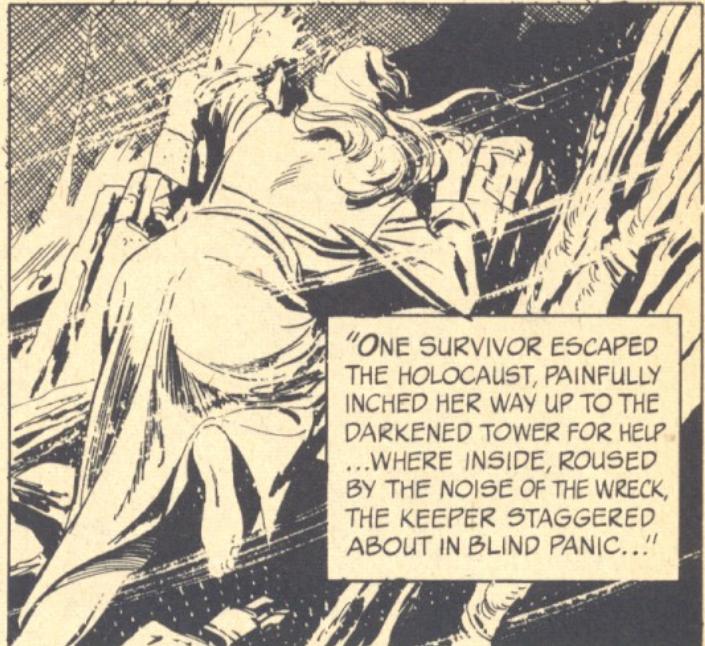
"EIGHTY YEARS AGO THE SCHOONER **WINDFALL**
WAS DASHED TO PIECES ON THE SHOALS OFF
THIS POINT... TREACHEROUS SHOALS FOR WHICH
THIS TOWER'S BEACON WAS TO GIVE WARNING!"



"BUT THERE WAS NO WARNING LIGHT FOR THE
WINDFALL... THE KEEPER OF THE LIGHTHOUSE
HAD FALLEN ASLEEP IN A DRUNKEN STUPOR, UN-
MINDFUL OF THE STORM OR HIS DUTIES..."



"CONFRONTED BY THE ONLY WITNESS TO HIS
NEGIGENCE, THE KEEPER OF THE LIGHT COM-
POUNDED HIS DEED WITH AN ACT MORE HORRIBLE
FOR ITS DELIBERATENESS!"



"ONE SURVIVOR ESCAPED
THE HOLOCAUST, PAINFULLY
INCHED HER WAY UP TO THE
DARKENED TOWER FOR HELP
... WHERE INSIDE, ROUSED
BY THE NOISE OF THE WRECK,
THE KEEPER STAGGERED
ABOUT IN BLIND PANIC..."



"DRIVING RAIN BEGAN A TATTOO ON THE WINDOWS... A STORM WAS MOVING IN FROM THE SEA..."

ERIC STANDISH IS A FINE NAME... I'VE MADE QUITE A CAREER WRITING UNDER IT, BUT YOU NEVER ESCAPE THE NAME YOU'RE BORN WITH... YOU SEE, ROGER, I TOO AM MATTHEW FRYE!"



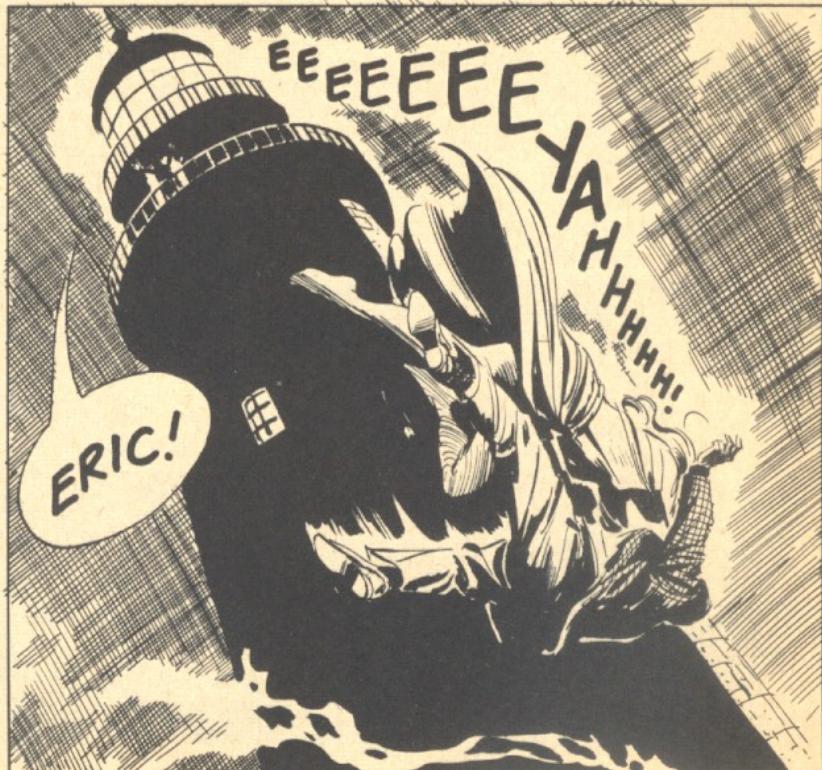
CLANG!



"EVEN AS I SAID IT, I KNEW THE WIND HADN'T MADE THE NOISE, JUST AS WE BOTH KNEW, WHILE RUSHING TO THE STAIRS, WHAT WE'D SEE BELOW..."



"WAS IT FEAR THAT HELD ME IN PARALYZED HORROR OR SOMETHING MORE? ERIC STARED TRANFIXED, YET HIS FEET MOVED, CARRYING HIM BACKWARD... ACROSS THE ROOM, OUT INTO THE WIND AND RAIN, ONTO THE OLD TOWER'S BALCONY.



"ERIC'S FEARFUL SCREAM DROWNED IN THE RAGING WIND, AND THE TWO FIGURES DISAPPEARED INSTANTLY IN THE BOILING SURF BELOW..."



"NUMB WITH EXHAUSTION AND COLD, I SOMEHOW MADE MY WAY BACK TO THE LIGHTHOUSE... MY LAST MEMORY OF THAT NIGHT IS CLAWING OPEN THE HEAVY IRON DOOR..."



"THE NEXT MORNING I WAS AWAKENED BY THE SCREECHING OF GULLS AND CRIES OF LOCAL FISHERMEN..."



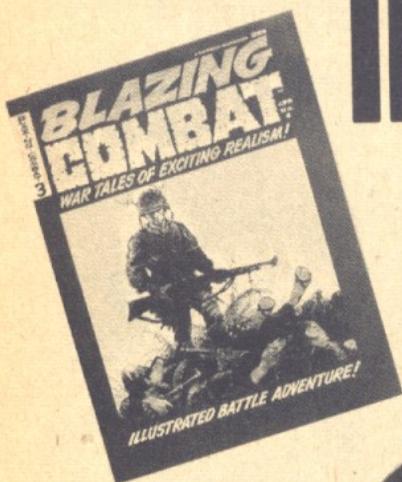
"THE SEA HAD DISGORGED ITS VICTIMS OF THE NIGHT BEFORE AND THE SIGHT IS ETCHED FOREVER IN MY MIND... THE HORROR ON ERIC'S DEAD FACE WAS NOT OF DYING, BUT OF THE THING THAT CLUNG TO HIM... THE CORPSE OF A ONCE-BEAUTIFUL GIRL...
DEAD NOW FOR EIGHTY YEARS!"



THERE'S ONE WRITER WHO REALLY GOT INVOLVED IN HIS WORK... PERSONALLY, I THINK HE WAS ALL WET, OR AT LEAST WASHED UP! NOW, GRAB A WEIRD WAVE AND SEE WHERE MY TERROR TIDE CARRIES YOU NEXT!



GET THE MOST TALKED ABOUT COLLECTOR'S ITEM IN THE COMICS FIELD!



DON'T MISS
A SINGLE ISSUE!
SEND IN THE
COUPONS BELOW
FOR BACK ISSUES
AND SUBSCRIPTIONS
TO THIS ACTION-
PACKED THRILLER!

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of the new war-adventure magazine, BLAZING COMBAT!

NAME

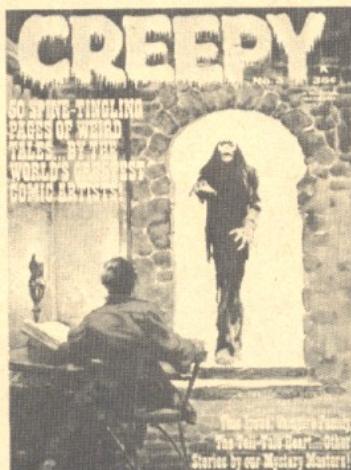
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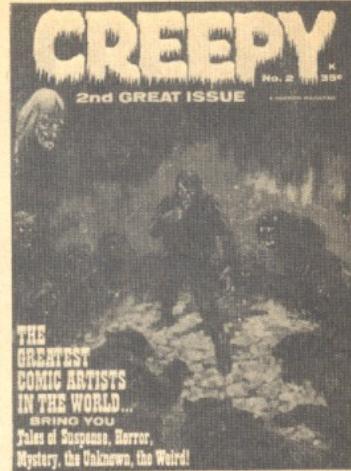
COMPLETE YOUR CREEPY COLLECTION NOW! SEND THE COUPON BELOW FOR EACH BRAIN-BREAKING BACK ISSUE YOU'VE MISSED OF UNCLE CREEPY'S PULSEATING PACKAGE OF TERROR TALES! BUT HURRY... THEY'RE GOING LIKE BLOOD AT A VAMPIRE CONVENTION!



Thrilling #3 Issue



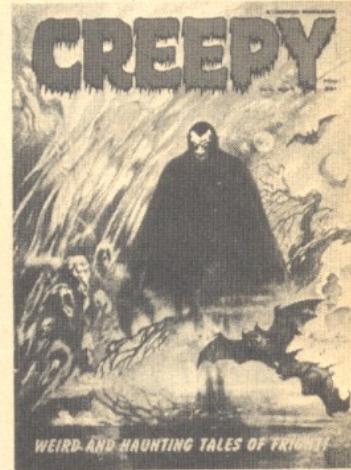
Collector's Edition #1



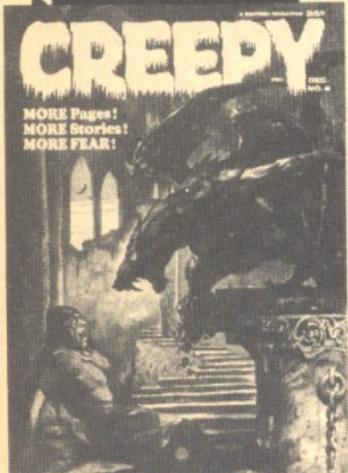
Second Great Issue #2



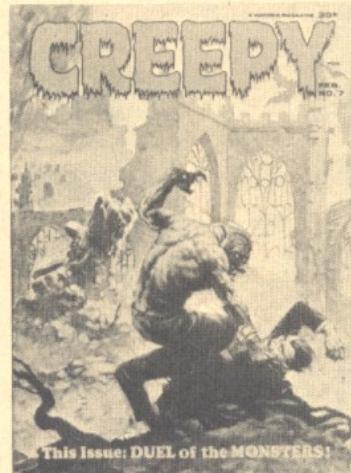
Fantastic #4 Issue



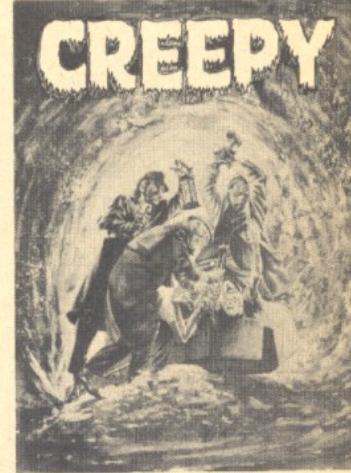
Chilling #5 Issue



Shocking #6 Issue



Screaming #7 Issue



Current #8 Issue

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YOU RABID READERS LOOK A LITTLE PALE AFTER THAT LAST PULSE-POUNDER... BETTER REST UP! LET COUSIN EERIE ARRANGE SOME LOATHESOME LODGINGS FOR THE NIGHT... RIGHT UP THE DARK, CREAKING STAIRS YOU'LL FIND A...

ROOM WITH A VIEW!

IT WAS LIKE A HUNDRED AND ONE OTHER SMALL-TOWN HOTELS DEXTER HAD STAYED IN... BAD LIGHTING, SEEDY FURNISHINGS... ORDINARY AND DULL...

I NEED A ROOM FOR THE NIGHT...

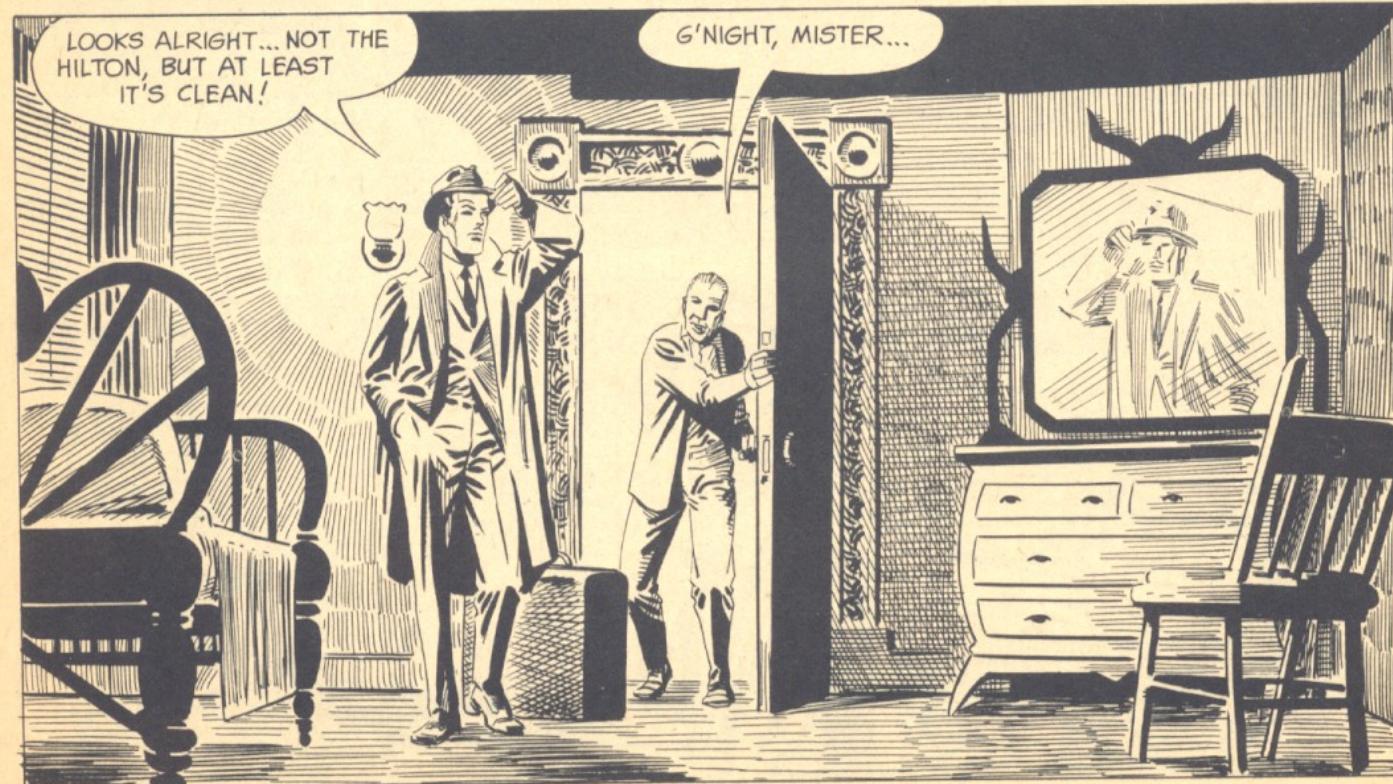


SORRY, MISTER!
WE'RE FULL UP!

DON'T GIVE ME THAT! LOOK AT YOUR BOARD... THERE'S ONE ROOM LEFT!

N-NO... WE NEVER RENT THAT ONE! I'VE BEEN GIVEN ORDERS...







YET EACH TIME DEXTER
CLOSED HIS EYES, HE
COULD STILL SEE THE EVIL
FACE AND CHILLING STARE
OF THE MIRROR
REFLECTION...

IT LOOKED SO REAL...
BUT THERE WAS NOTH-
ING BEHIND ME ... **BLAST**
IT! CAN'T SLEEP FOR
THINKING ABOUT IT...
AWW, WHAT'S THE USE...

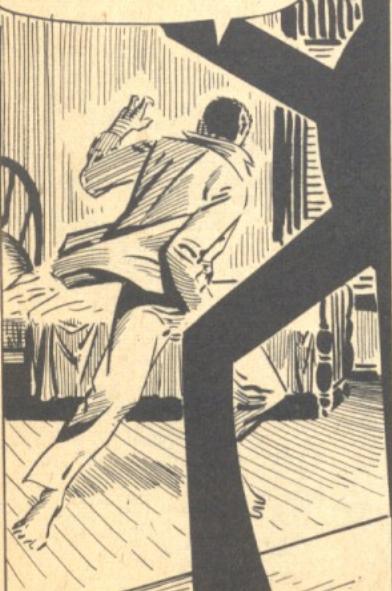
... I'LL TAKE ANOTHER
LOOK!



N-NOT HERE... N-NOTHING!
JUST LIKE BEFORE!

NOT ANOTHER MINUTE
... I'M NOT STAYING HERE!

FRONT DESK. GOTTA GET HOLD
ANYTHING WRONG, MR.
DEXTER?
CLERK'S CRAZY HINTS
MADE MY IMAGINATION
RUN WILD... THAT'S
ALL... HAS TO BE...



N-NO... JUST WANTED TO
LEAVE A CALL FOR ME
AT EIGHT...

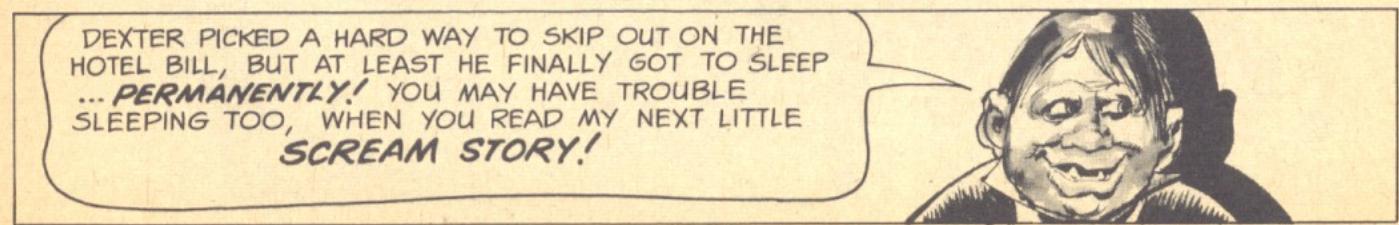
THE NIGHT CRESTED ON BUT NO SLEEP CAME TO DEXTER... ONLY AGONIZING, TORTURED THOUGHTS...

MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE

LEFT... HAS TO BE MY IMAGINATION... MIND PLAYING TRICKS... THOSE T-THINGS... SO REAL! TRY TO THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE... WHAT IF THEY'RE IN THERE NOW... WATCHING... CAN'T BE... SILLY... WON'T...

I'VE GOT TO KNOW!





IT'S MAD SCIENTIST TIME, *MERRY MANIACS!* LET'S STEP BACK NOW (DON'T TRIP OVER THE *CADAVERS*) TO ONE OF EUROPE'S DARK CORNERS OF THE LAST CENTURY OR SO... YOU'RE GOING TO BE MEETING DR. VON REICH WHO'S PUTTING TOGETHER HIS MOST AMBITIOUS PROJECT WHICH, AS YOU'LL SEE, IS NOT SO MUCH A MASTERWORK AS A...

MONSTERWORK!

FINALLY IT COMES TO THIS! SO **MANY** THINGS I'VE DONE FOR DR. VON REICH... **NOW THIS!**

FROM THE EAST, A STORM WAS BLOWING UP... OTTO WENT ABOUT HIS WORK WITH RELUCTANT EFFICIENCY... THE GALLOWS GROANED AS THE MOUNTING AUTUMN WIND CAUSED THE CORPSE TO SWING TO AND FRO...

ALL THE TRIPS TO THE GRAVEYARD... GHOUlish DIGGING BY SHUTTERED LANTERN... I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN WHERE IT WOULD LEAD!

THUD!

MASTROSERIO

IN THE DISTANCE AN OWL BEGAN HOOTING AT THE APPROACHING STORM ... MUTTERING SADLY TO HIMSELF, OTTO PLACED THE CORPSE INTO THE CART AND THREW HIS HUMPED BACK INTO THE WORK BEFORE HIM...

NOW, IT'S TOO LATE!
THE DAMAGE IS DONE ...
I'M IN TOO DEEPLY
NOT TO SEE THINGS
THROUGH TO THE
END!

THE SOUND OF THUNDER BECAME COMPETITION FOR THE CREAKING OF THE CART AS IT BUMPED OVER THE COBBLESTONES OF THE SLEEPING VILLAGE ... IT WAS STARTING TO RAIN...

THE DOCTOR HAS PAID ME WELL ... MONEY TO SEND MY BROTHER TO THE UNIVERSITY...

AND HE'S A **GREAT** SURGEON ...
HOW MANY TIMES HAS HE PROMISED TO RID ME OF THIS HUMP...

DRENCHED WITH RAIN, OTTO PAUSED, SUPPRESSING A SHIVER, AS HE LOOKED AHEAD TO HIS DESTINATION...

YET WHAT EVIL IT HAS ALL LED TO!



VON REICH OPERATED THE SURGICAL TOOLS WITH AGILE FRENZY AND SOON...

THERE! NOW FOR THE TRANSFER... GENTLY, GENTLY...



WITH UNFAILING DEFTNESS, VON REICH BENT OVER THE GREAT HULK OF HIS CREATION AND SECURED THE BRAIN IN ITS NEW HOME...

...MAKE SURE WIRING IS BACK IN PLACE... AND WE'RE... DONE! ONLY ONE MORE THING TO TAKE CARE OF...



I PROMISED TO FIX IT SO YOUR HUMP NEVER BOthers YOU AGAIN, OTTO... NOW THAT THE PROJECT IS ALMOST COMPLETE, I INTEND TO KEEP MY WORD ... COME HERE!

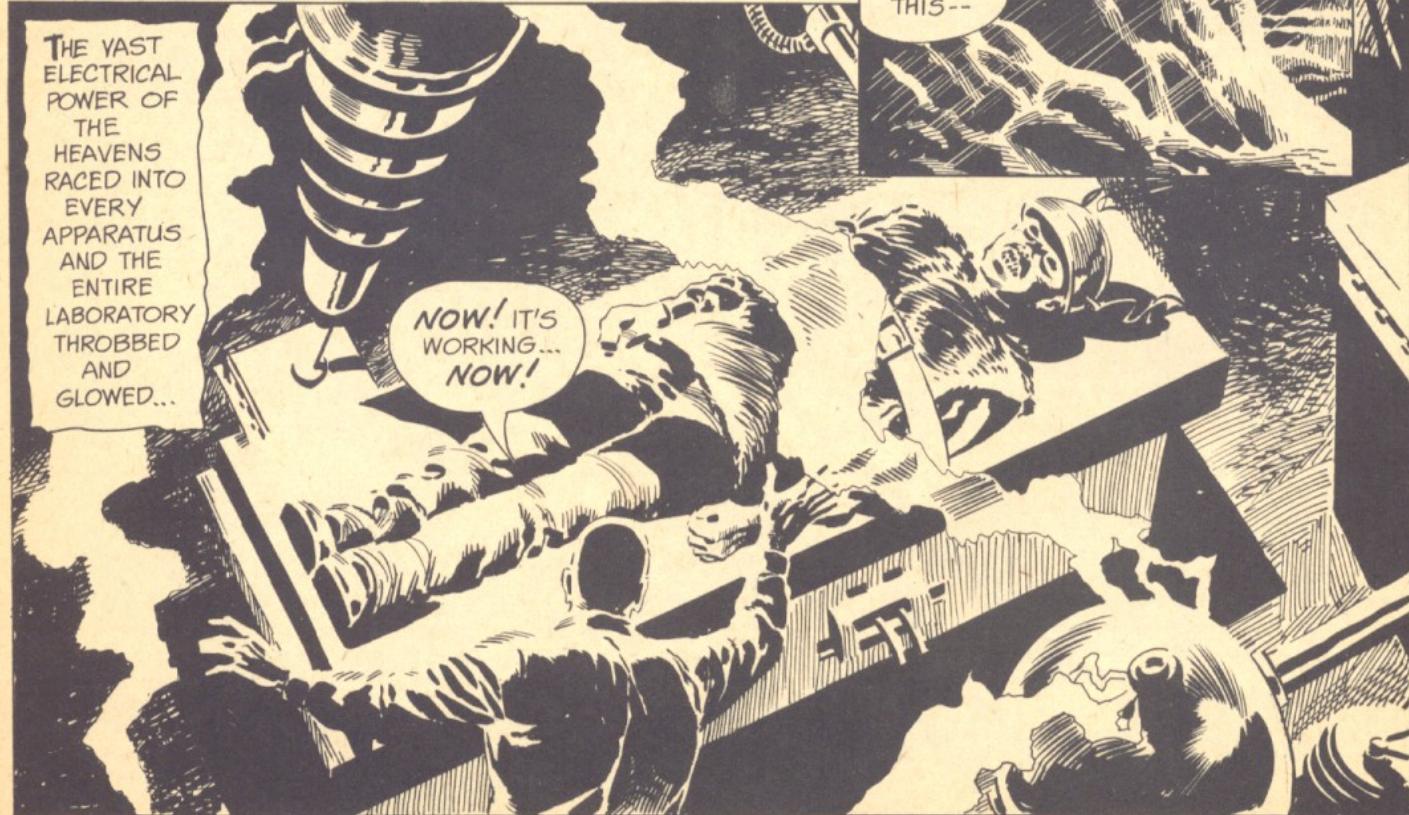


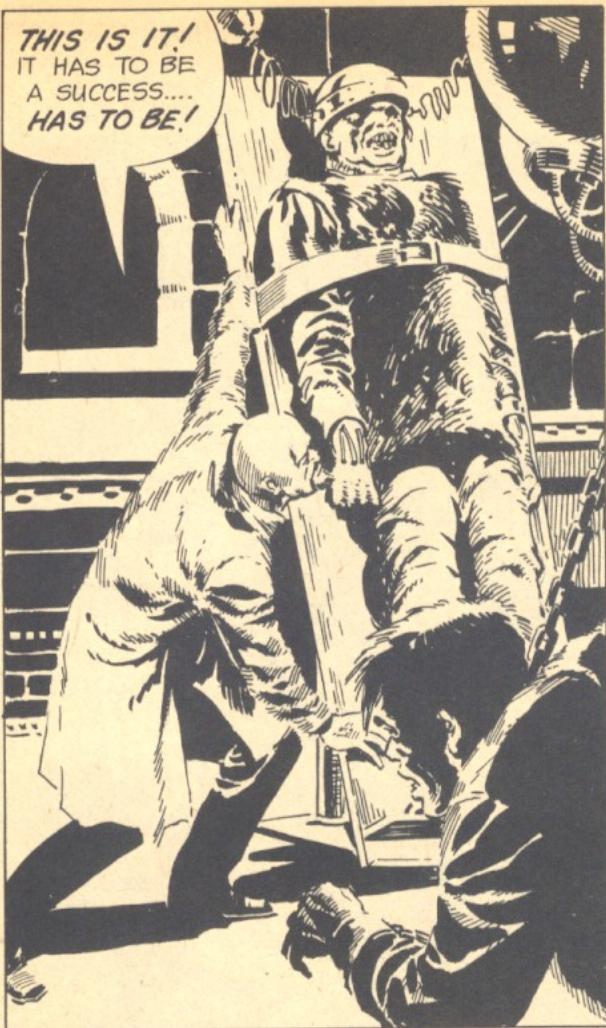
OUTSIDE THE STORM WAS AT ITS ZENITH... THUNDER PEaled LOUDER THAN EVER BEFORE AND LIGHTNING SHOT IN JAGGED STREAKS TOWARD THE OBSERVATORY TOWER!



THE VAST ELECTRICAL POWER OF THE HEAVENS RACED INTO EVERY APPARATUS AND THE ENTIRE LABORATORY THROBBED AND GLOWED...

NOW! IT'S WORKING... NOW!







NOW FOR ANOTHER **NERVE-NUMBER**... A STARTLING STUNNER OF A STORY,
GUARANTEED TO HELP THE **HORROR HABIT!** THIS ONE WILL CHILL THE SPINE, CURL
THE HAIR, AND REALLY GET...

UNDER THE STAIRS

NO! NO! IT
CAN'T BE!

A close-up photograph of a hand holding a sandwich or wrap. The sandwich is filled with various ingredients, including what appears to be cheese and meat. The texture of the bread and the filling are clearly visible.

A black and white illustration showing a close-up of a person's legs and feet. The person is wearing dark trousers and light-colored shoes. The background is dark and textured.

A black and white illustration depicting a rugged, mountainous terrain at night. In the lower-left foreground, a small, bright light source, resembling a lantern or a campfire, is nestled among rocks. The scene is dominated by dark, shadowed mountain peaks that rise behind the light. A full moon hangs in the upper right corner of the dark sky. The style is graphic and expressive, using heavy black ink outlines and cross-hatching to create depth and texture.

EEEEE EEEEE EEE

GREAT!

TERRIFIC!

COLOSSAL!

ART BY JOE ORLANDO/SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

Joe Orlando

The scene of horror ended suddenly in the white brilliance of a motion picture screen... The sound of film clicking on a take-up reel was soon drowned out by enthusiastic murmuring...

ERIC, YOU'VE DONE IT AGAIN! THESE RUSHES LOOK MARVELOUS! ESPECIALLY YOUR MAKE-UP... FANTASTIC!

IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN ME! I'VE TWICE THE ACTING EXPERIENCE OF STARVOS!



"THE MAN OF A MILLION MONSTERS!" HOW DO YOU DO IT, ERIC? WHERE DO YOU COME UP WITH SUCH GREAT MAKE-UP FOR ALL YOUR ROLES?

I'VE BEEN KNOCKED OUT OF THE HORROR BUSINESS SINCE STARVOS APPEARED! HIS MAKE-UP GETS HIM ALL THE TOP ROLES!

SORRY YOU LOST OUT ON THE LEAD, LEO... AT LEAST WE MANAGED TO GET YOU A SUPPORTING ROLE...

SUPPORTING ROLE? I'M A STAR! IF ONLY I COULD LEARN HIS SECRET!



STARVOS! YOU'VE GOT TO TELL ME! ONE PROFESSIONAL TO ANOTHER... HOW DO YOU GET THOSE EFFECTS?

TELL? AND HAVE MY CAREER NOSEDIVE LIKE YOURS, ERNST? MY MAKE-UP SECRETS WILL REMAIN MY OWN!



Eric Starvo's
make-up secrets ob-
sessed Leo Ernst... He
could not get it out
of his mind... He
HAD to know...

EVEN LIVES IN THIS
OLD GOTHIC WRECK
... ALONE! NO FAMILY
OR SERVANTS... NO
LIGHTS EXCEPT IN
THE ATTIC WINDOW
... HE MUST BE
THERE!

WITH STRENGTH, AGILITY, BORN OUT OF HIS OBSESSION,
ERNST SCALED HIS WAY TO A VIEW INTO THE LIGHTED
WINDOW...

I WAS RIGHT!
HE'S INSIDE...
CREATING!

BLAST HIM! HE'S DONE
IT AGAIN! THIS IS EVEN
MORE TERRIFYING THAN
IN THIS AFTERNOON'S
RUSHES... HOW?!

HE'S WELL SET UP
TO EXPERIMENT AND
-- WHAT'S THIS?
HE KEEPS A
NOTEBOOK!

IT MUST ALL BE IN THERE!
SKETCHES... FORMULAS
... IDEAS... IF I COULD
GET MY HANDS ON
THAT...



NOT WHEN I CAN TAKE THEM!

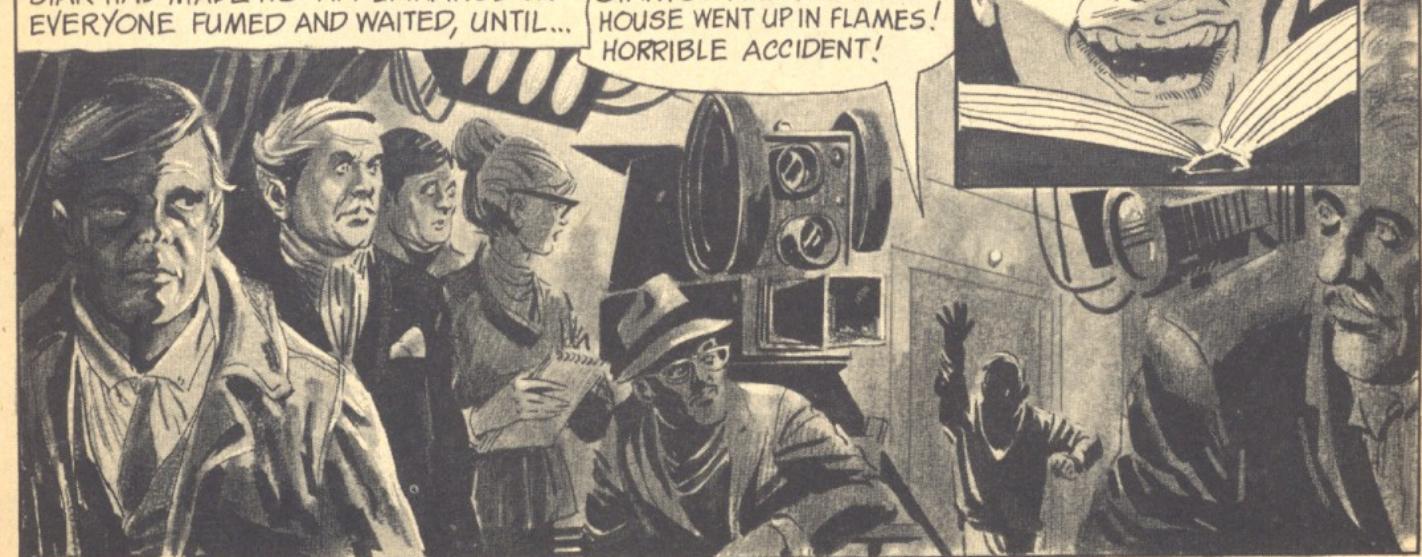
THE BODY OF THE HORROR STAR HAD HARDLY HIT THE FLOOR BEFORE ERNST HAD RUSHED TO THE ATTIC ROOM AND FLIPPED THROUGH THE NOTEBOOK...

WHACK!

IT'S ALL HERE!
EVERYTHING! THERE'LL BE SOME SURPRISES AT THE STUDIO TOMORROW...



HORRIBLE!
LAST NIGHT... ERIC STARVOS AND HIS WHOLE HOUSE WENT UP IN FLAMES!
HORRIBLE ACCIDENT!



IN AN INDUSTRY WHERE TIME IS MONEY, THE MOURNING PERIOD FOR ERIC STARVOS WAS SHORT, BUT CONCERN ABOUT DOING WITHOUT HIS TALENT WAS LONG...

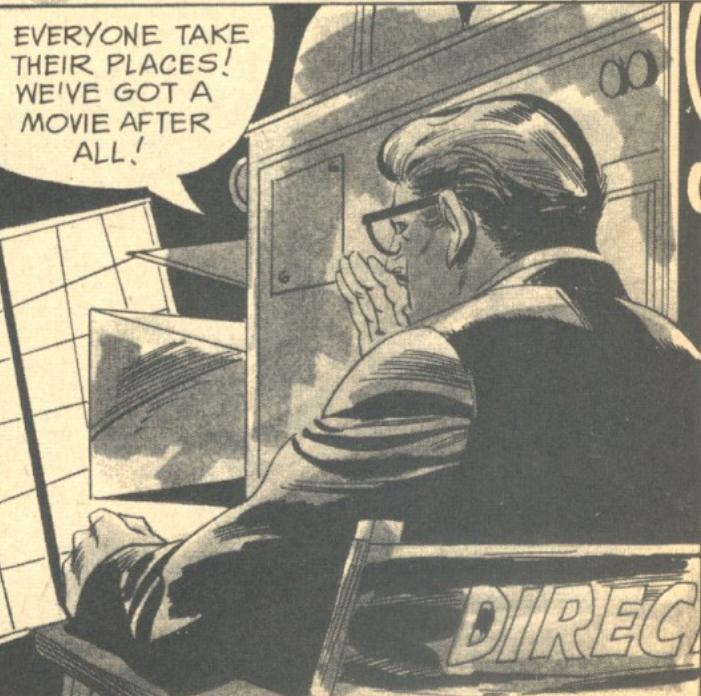
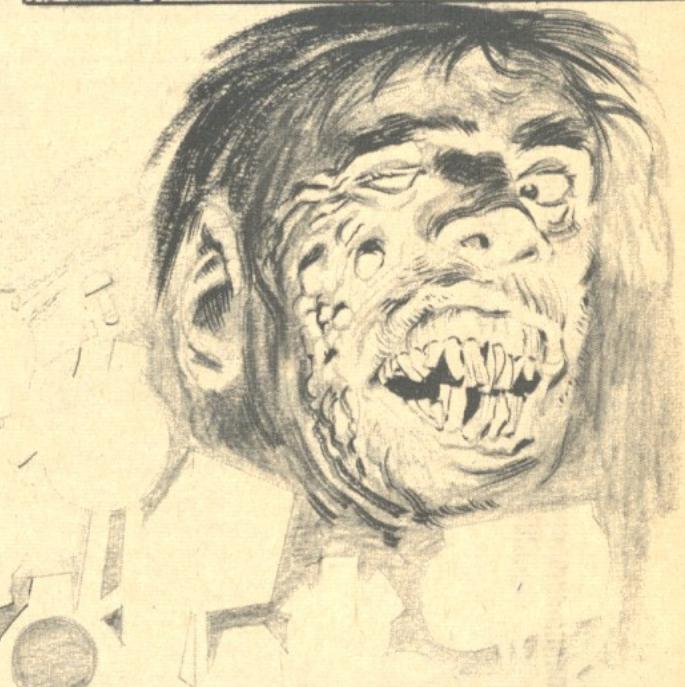
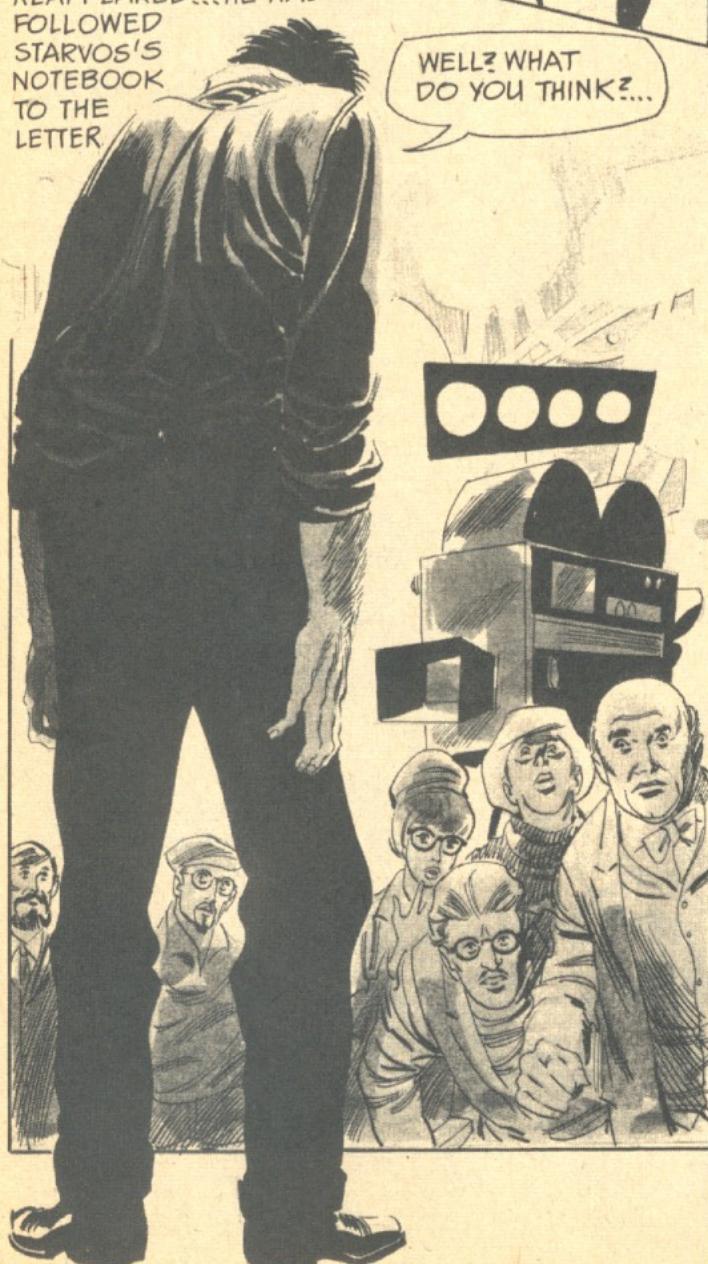


LEO, ARE YOU NUTS?
NOBODY BUT STARVOS COULD COME UP WITH THE KIND OF STUFF HE DID...

HE LET ME IN ON SOME OF HIS SECRETS ... YOU'LL SEE!



SOME TIME LATER, LEO ERNST REAPPEARED...HE HAD FOLLOWED STARVOS'S NOTEBOOK TO THE LETTER



THE DAY WENT QUICKLY AND EASILY FOR ERNST... STARVOS'S MAKE-UP FELT COMFORTABLE... HELD UP WELL...

PRINT IT! BEAUTIFUL, LEO BABY! YOU'LL BE A STAR ALL OVER AGAIN AFTER THIS ONE!



A MID VOICES OF CONGRATULATIONS, LEO WENT TO THE DRESSING ROOM EAGER TO RID HIMSELF OF THE MAKE-UP AND REAPPEAR TO HIS NEW ADMIRERS AS LEO ERNST, STAR!

I DID IT! EVERYONE LOVED MY PERFORMANCE! THANKS TO ERIC'S MAKE-UP...



HEY! WHAT IS THIS? THE STUFF ISN'T COMING OFF!

NOTHING HAD ANY EFFECT... ERIC STARVOS'S CREATION STAYED COMPLETELY IN PLACE... ERNST FELT A GROWING PANIC...

NOTHING HAPPENED... NOTHING WORKED! IT WAS DRIVING HIM CRAZY... HIS MOVEMENTS BECAME WILD AND FRENZIED!



IT'S GOT TO COME OFF! WHAT'S WRONG! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH IT?

GOT TO GET IT OFF! RIP! TEAR! ANYTHING! WHY WON'T IT COME OFF!



HIS VOICE ROSE TO A WHINNING SCREAM... BECAME A SOBING PLEA... OUTSIDE PEOPLE BEGAN TO NOTICE...

**IT WON'T COME OFF!
I CAN'T GET IT OFF!!**

LEO! WHAT'S HAPPENING IN THERE? LEO?!



**STARVOS DID THIS! HE
WANTED IT TO HAPPEN!
GOT TO GET IT OFF!**

LEO?
WHAT'S
GOING ON
IN HE---



OH...
LORD!

DO SOMETHING!
GET A DOCTOR
...GET A STRAIT-
JACKET...
ANYTHING!
QUICK! HE'S...

GOT TO
GET IT
OFF!
GOT TO...



THE TWO MEN STARED IN REVULSION AT THE RAW-FACED THING BEFORE THEM... ITS BLOODSTAINED HANDS STILL PITIFULLY TRYING TO CLAW AT THE MAKE-UP LONG SINCE GONE!

...RIPPED ALL
THE SKIN FROM
HIS FACE!

**IT WON'T
COME OFF!
IT WON'T
COME OFF!!**



HMMMH? DID STARYOS'S MAKE UP REALLY STAY ON OR LEO IMAGINE THAT IT DID? EITHER WAY, POOR LEO CERTAINLY LOST FACE ON THE DEAL, BUT, LET'S FACE IT, HE HAD IT COMING TO HIM! NOW SEE IF YOU CAN FACE WHAT'S COMING NEXT TO YOU!





ARE YOU **FRACTURED FRAMERS** STILL HOPING TO HANG
SOMETHING **HORRORIFIC**? ANOTHER **MACABRE MASTERPIECE**
AWAITS BELOW, AS YOU BROWSE THROUGH...

EERIE'S MONSTER GALLERY!



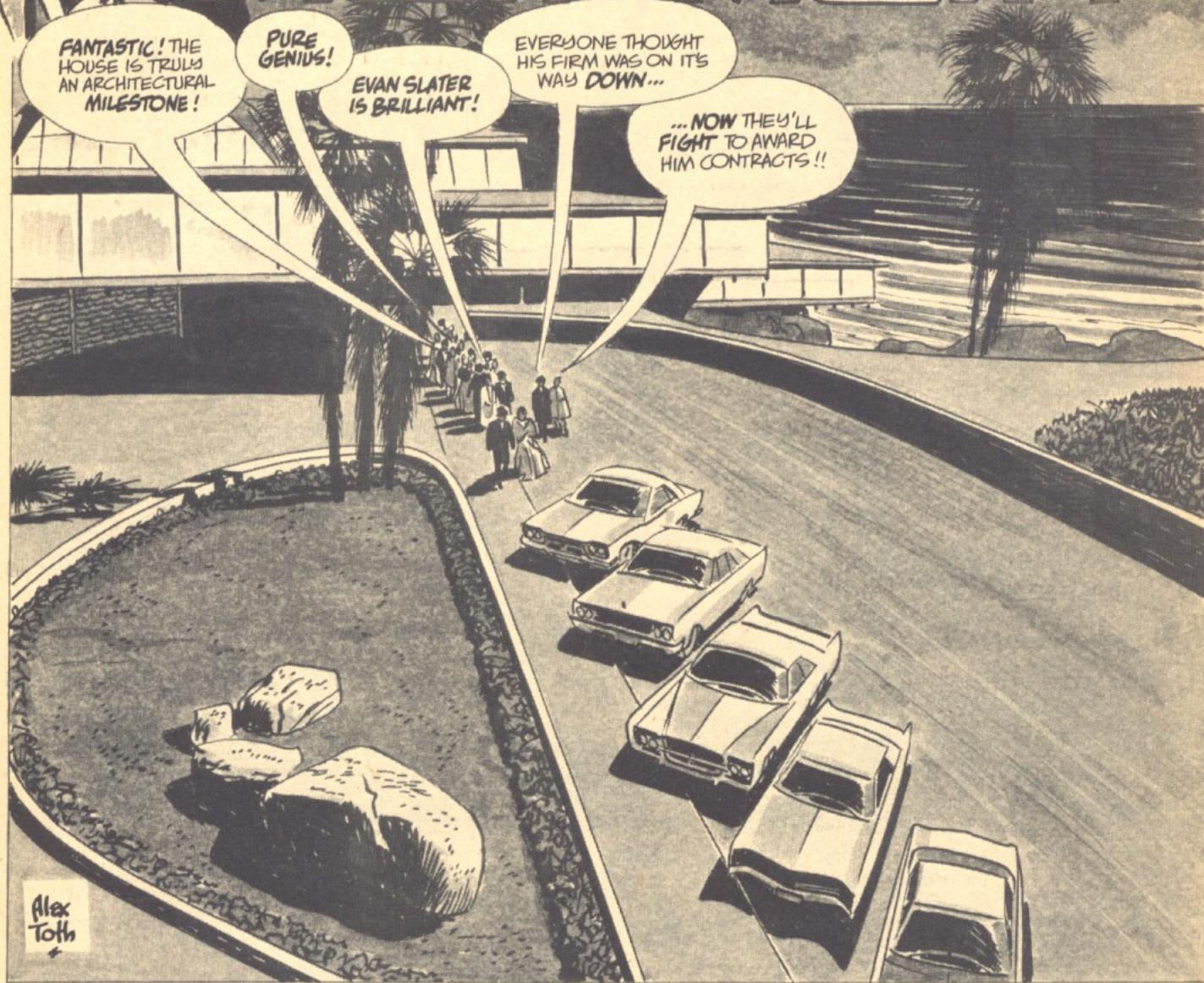
NO. 2 - THE VAMPIRE!

RISING AT SUNDOWN, FROM ITS COFFIN STREWN WITH NATIVE SOIL, THE VAMPIRE, ABLE TO TAKE HUMAN, BAT, OR MIST-LIKE FORM, GOES FORTH ON ITS GHASTLY QUEST FOR HUMAN BLOOD! THOSE WHO DIE FROM ITS BITE IN TURN BECOME MEMBERS OF THIS HORRIBLE CULT OF THE UNDEAD! HOLY OBJECTS AND GARLIC WREATHS MAY BE USED TO WARD OFF VAMPIRES, BUT THE MOST POPULAR METHOD FOR KILLING THEM IS A WOODEN STAKE DRIVEN THROUGH THEIR HEART!

ART BY JAY TAYCEE

3:00 A.M. THE RELENTLESS OCEAN SURF POUNDS A TATOO AGAINST THE CLIFFS BELOW, AS A GROUP OF LAUGHING, CHATTERING GUESTS DEPART HAPPILY FROM THE LARGE ULTRA-MODERN STRUCTURE SPRAWLING ATOP THE ROCK-FACED PINNACLES..THEIR HIGH PRAISE AND GAY COMMENTS RIPPLING THROUGH THE NIGHT AIR ... FOR A PARTY HAS ENDED HERE...BUT, IT'S REALLY ONLY THE BEGINNING OF MY TALE ABOUT THE MACABRE MASTERSWOK I CALL...

THE MONUMENT



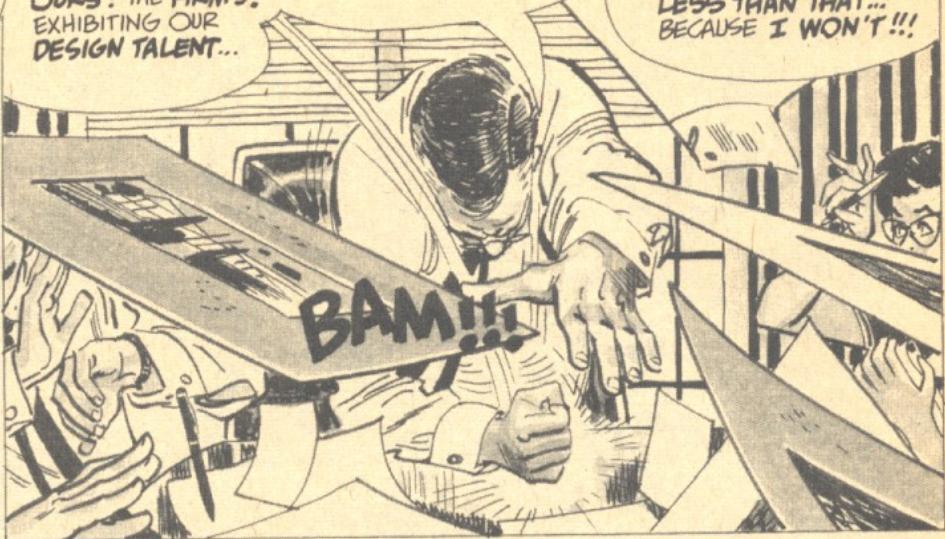
THAT'S PRECISELY WHY WE'RE LOSING BUSINESS !! OUR 'BEST' JUST ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH ANYMORE ! WE CAN'T SEEM TO COME UP WITH ANYTHING NEW.. DIFFERENT !!!

BUT THIS PLAN OF YOURS, EVEN... HOW DO YOU JUSTIFY WASTING OUR DWINDLING CAPITAL BY BUILDING A PRIVATE HOME FOR YOU ???

CAN'T YOU GET IT THROUGH YOUR HEADS ??!! IT'LL BE A SHOWPLACE ! OURS ! THE FIRM'S ! EXHIBITING OUR DESIGN TALENT...

A HUNK OF ARCHITECTURE SO GREAT THAT OUR FIRM'S REPUTATION WILL BE REMADE BY IT !!!

SO, KEEP LOOKING... FOR THE NEW, THE BOLD, DARING, BRILLIANT ! AND DON'T SETTLE FOR LESS THAN THAT... BECAUSE I WON'T !!!



THERE WAS NO EASY SOLUTION... SLATER KEPT ON WITH HIS OWN DESPERATE SEARCH... ANYWHERE.. AND EVERYWHERE...

WHAT'S THIS ?!! WHO DO THESE BELONG TO ?!!

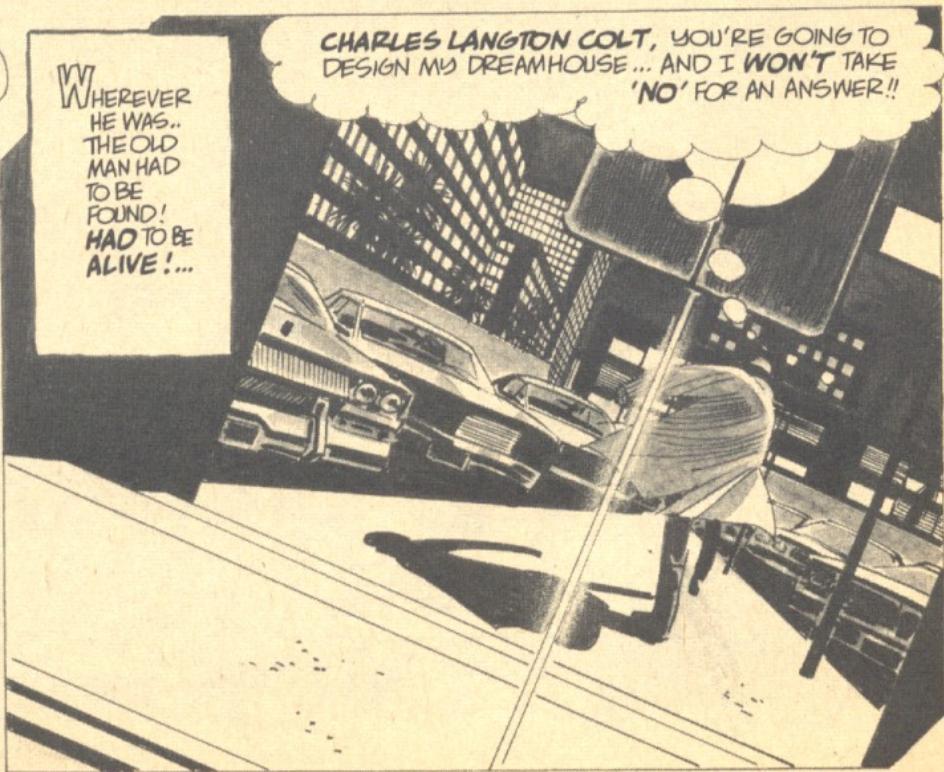
ROGER'S BEEN CLEANING OUT THE OLD PLAN FILES AND STORAGE BINS, EVAN ! SOME OF THAT STUFF'S BEEN AROUND FOR.. FIFTEEN..TWENTY YEARS ...!

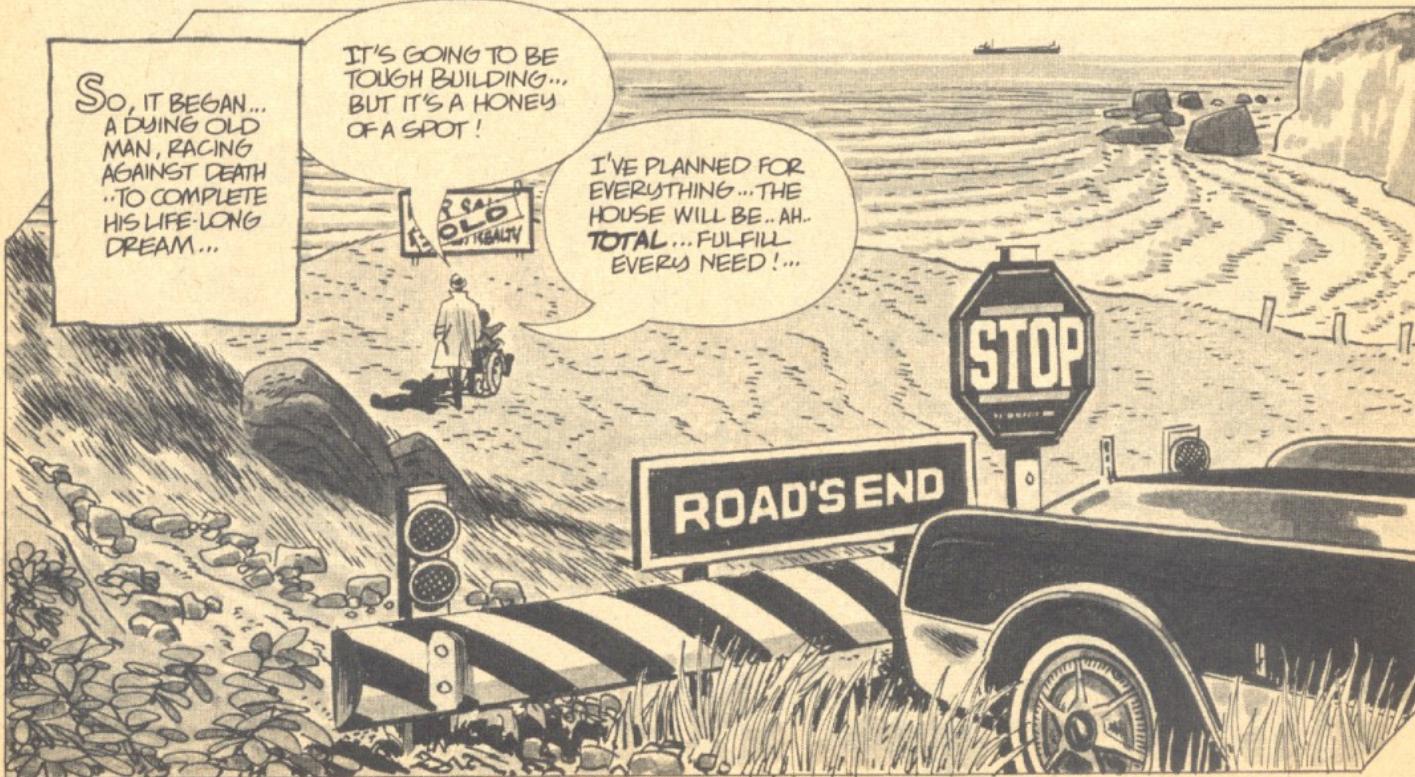
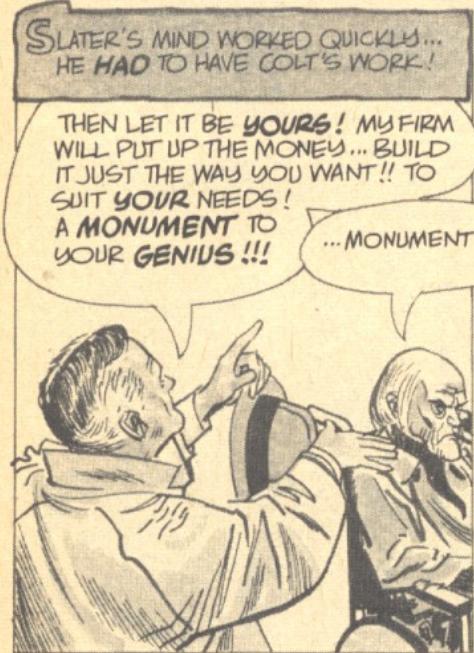


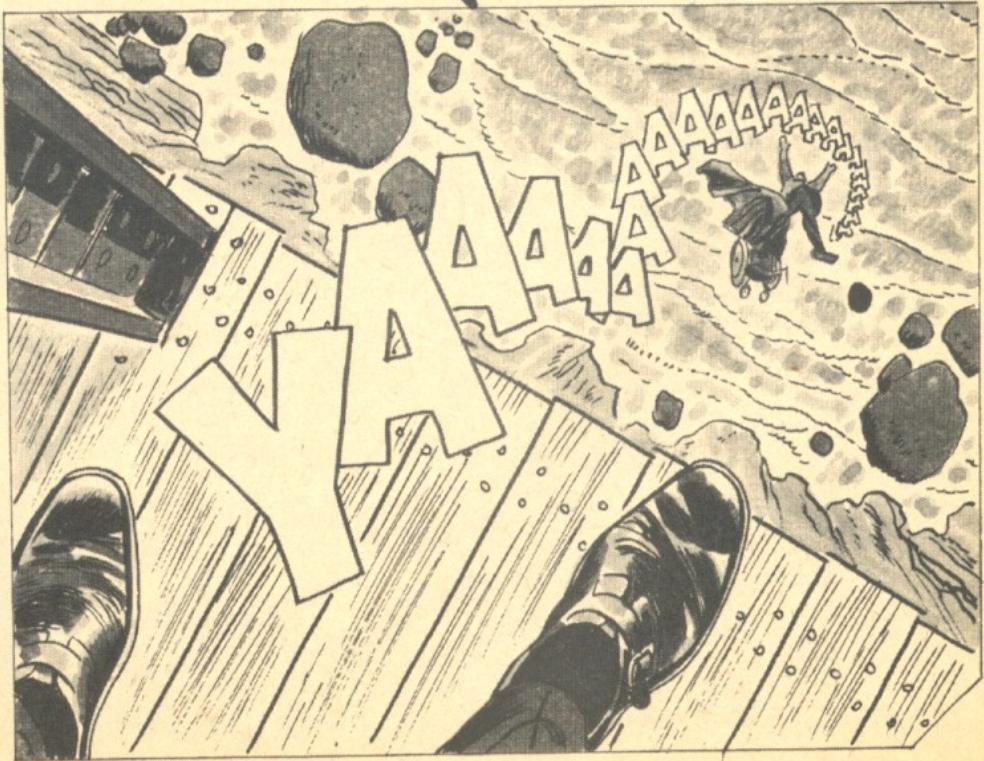
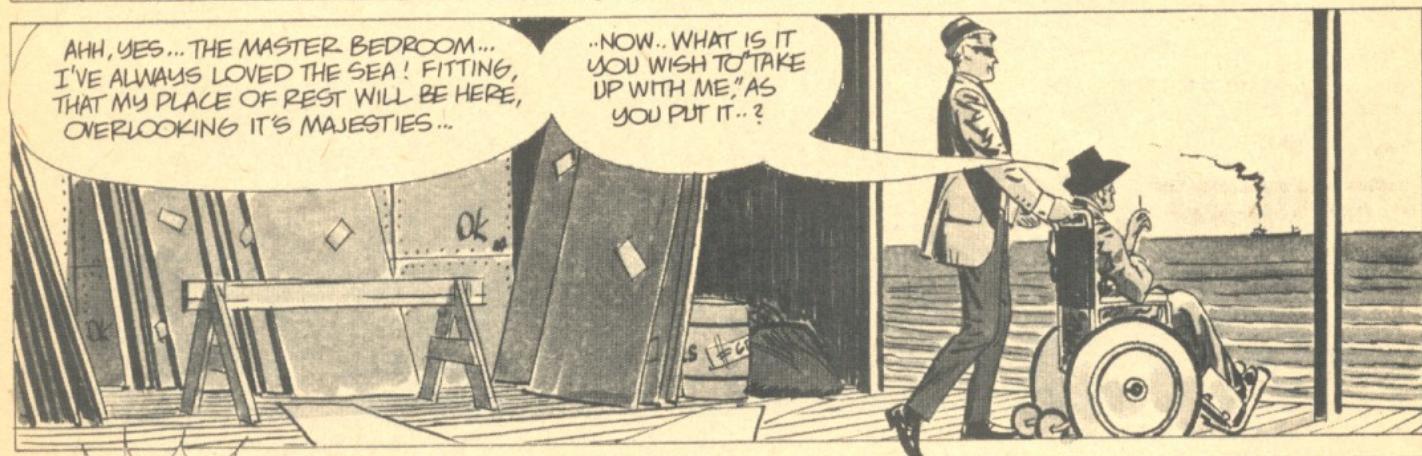
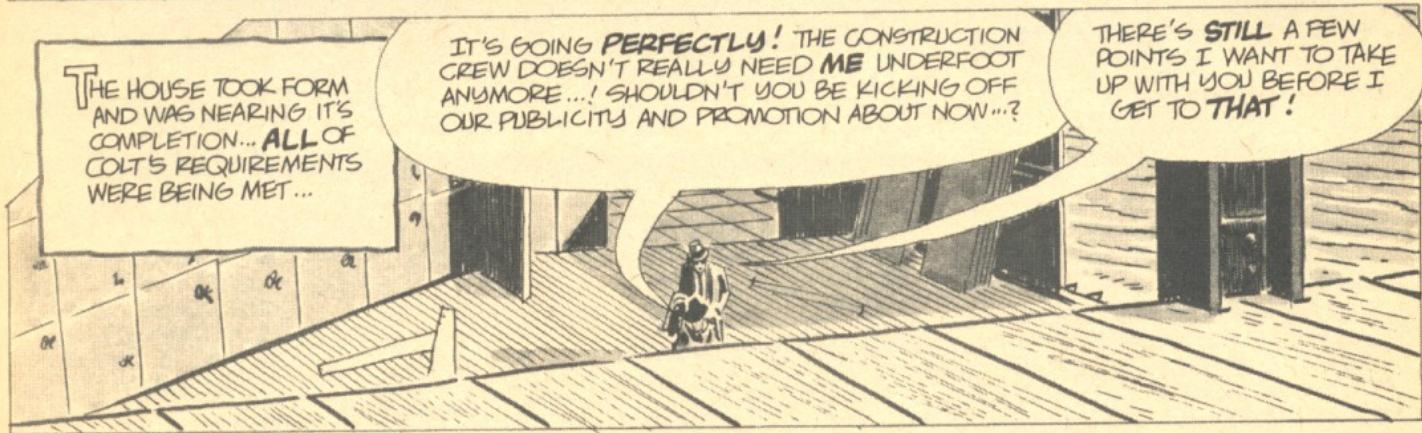
UNBELIEVABLE !! EXACTLY THE TREATMENT.. THE FLAIR.. I WANT ! CHARLES LANGTON COLT!... I - I REMEMBER NOW... MANY YEARS AGO... AN OLD CODGER WITH FAR-OUT IDEAS ... AND NOBODY WOULD USE HIM !

WHEREVER HE WAS.. THE OLD MAN HAD TO BE FOUND ! HAD TO BE ALIVE !...

CHARLES LANGTON COLT, YOU'RE GOING TO DESIGN MY DREAMHOUSE ... AND I WON'T TAKE 'NO' FOR AN ANSWER !!







THE TRAGIC ACCIDENT WAS NOT GIVEN WIDE-Spread PUBLICITY... PROMOTION WAS QUITE VOLUMINOUS, HOWEVER, ON EVAN SLATER AND HIS NEW "DREAM HOUSE"!

By the time of his house-warming gala, no one could even remember, in passing, the name CHARLES LANGTON COLT...

EVERY NOTABLE IN THE WORLD OF ARCHITECTURE IS HERE TONIGHT —!

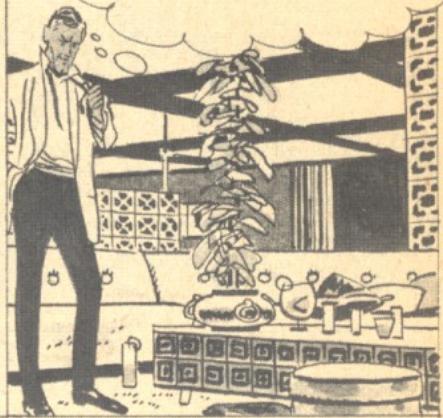
FANTASTIC WORK, THIS!

I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING AS DARING...!

AFTER TONIGHT, THERE'S ONLY ONE NOTABLE IN THE DESIGN WORLD... EVAN SLATER !!!

THE GALA ENDED ALMOST TOO SOON FOR ONE VERY ELATED MR. SLATER...

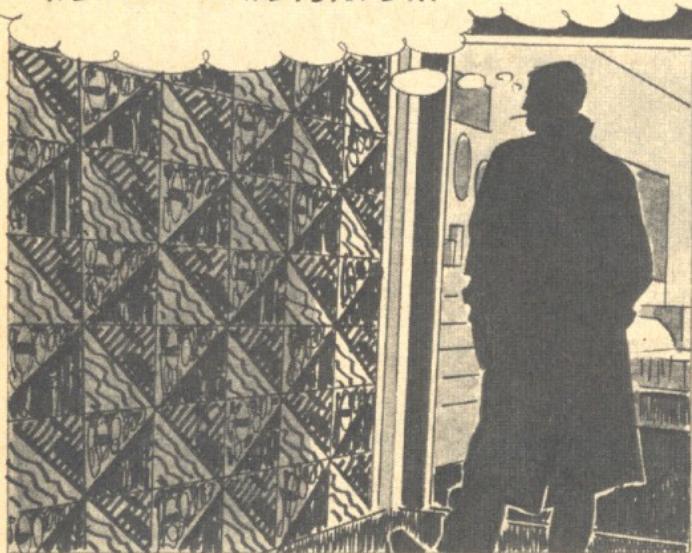
WHAT A BRAWL! THE FIRM'LL BE SWAMPED WITH COMMISSIONS FROM NOW ON... THEY LOVED THE HOUSE... !!!



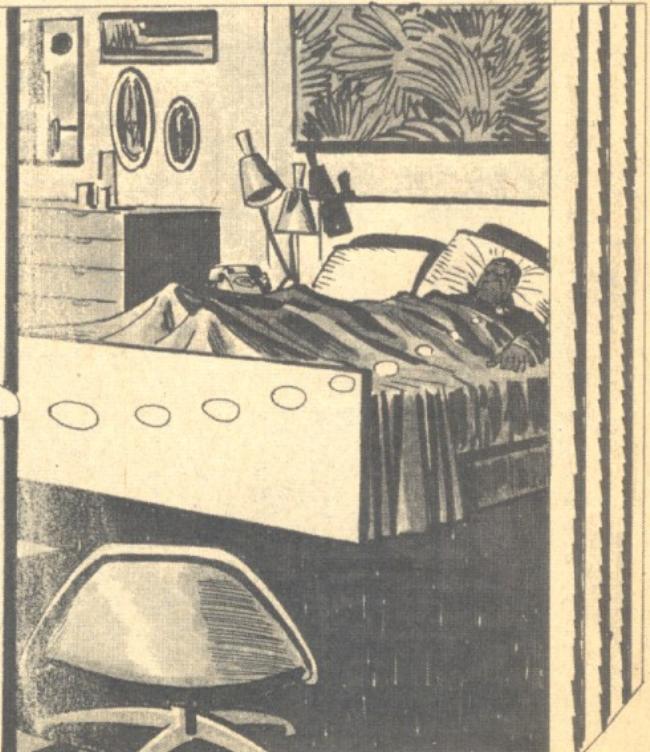
...AND WHY NOT? COLT THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING! AUTOMATIC LIGHTS, DOORS, CLIMATE CONTROLS... THE HOUSE OF THE FUTURE!!!

BEDROOM DOORS HISSED SHUT BEHIND HIM WITH A CLICK!

SOUNDPROOF BEDROOM... OCEAN VIEW... CHARLES LANGTON COLT DIDN'T OMIT A THING! ...



GREAT NIGHT! I'VE EARNED A LONG REST!...



SLATERS HEAD HAD
BARELY TOUCHED
THE PILLOW WHEN
A WHIR OF SOLENOID
ACTIVATED CONTROLS
WAS HEARD...AND...

WHAT.. ?!

! CLICK! SSSSSSSS
CHARLES LANGTON
COLT SPEAKING..THIS
IS A RECORDING!..

WALL PANELS
OPENED BEHIND
SLATER...ODD,
ALMOST SINISTER
MACHINERY, NOW
SET INTO MOTION,
WAS REVEALED...

HELP! SOMEBODY
HELP GET ME LOOSE

... IT IS
PROGRAMMED
FOR NON-STOP
PLAYING UNTIL
I FOUND, AND
RECODER
SHUT OFF!..

FROM EACH SIDE OF THE BED, TWO MECHANICAL "ARMS" CAME INTO VIEW... MOVING UP, AND THEN TOWARDS, SLATER'S CAPTIVE FORM...

...THE COMPLETION OF THIS HOUSE
MARKS THE CULMINATION OF ALL MY
DREAMS...I'VE NO DESIRE TO OUTLIVE
IT...AND, THUS...!

YE GODS! COLT BUILT IN HIS OWN EMBALMING MACHINE!!!

JUST INSIDE
EACH ELBOW,
SLATER FELT
THE SUDDEN,
SHARP PROBE
OF NEEDLES!

.THE CHARLES LANGTON COLT HOUSE STANDS AS A MONUMENT TO MY
CREATIVE TALENTS! I CAN THINK OF NO MORE FITTING STRUCTURE TO
HOUSE MY REMAINS.. AND SERVE AS MY TOMB... ``CLICK! SSSSSSS...``

EVAN SLATER FELL BACK, HELPLESSLY, AS HIS LIFE'S BLOOD DRAINED SLOWLY FROM HIS BODY...

THE ROOM SPUN
WILDLY ABOUT
HIM, AS HIS FAST-
DIMINISHING
CONSCIOUSNESS
ABSORBED COLT'S
LAST WORDS...

BUILDING COLT'S
HOUSE WAS A BIG
DRAIN ON EVAN
SLATER, TO BE
SURE.. BUT HE'S
GOT AN ENDLESS
SUPPLY OF
TIME TO REST UP!

NOW, IF YOU'RE
TOO SHOCKED UP TO
REST, TAKE A LOOK
AT THE NEXT LI'L
CHILLER I'VE
CONSTRUCTED
FOR YOU!



...CLICK! SSSSSS... CLICK! SSSSSS... CLICK! SSSSSS... CLICK! SSSSSS... CLICK! SSSSSS...

SHHH PUM
SHHH PUM
SHHH PUM

END

PROLOGUE: THE TWO DOCTORS STARED CALMLY AS THE PATIENT RAVED AND STRUGGLED UNDER THE GRIP OF HIS GUARD... THEY WERE USED TO SHOUTING AND SCREAMING, CRYING AND LAUGHING... IT WAS TO BE EXPECTED... IT WAS THAT KIND OF PLACE... IT WAS AN... **INSANE ASYLUM!**



CRASH

"NO WATER! KEEP IT AWAY FROM ME! I'VE WARNED YOU!
WHY DON'T YOU LISTEN?!"



HE HASN'T
RESPONDED TO ANY KIND OF
TREATMENT... COMPLETELY HOSTILE
AND AGGRESSIVE! THERE'S ONLY ONE
THING LEFT TO TRY...



"I'M
NOT INSANE! IT'S
ALL TRUE! WHY
DON'T YOU LISTEN
BEFORE IT'S
TOO LATE!"



"DON'T DO THIS! IT'S
THE OLD MAN'S FAULT!
HE GOT MY BROTHER
AND ME INTO IT! HE
DID IT... THE OLD MAN!"





NOW THAT OUR PULSATING PROLOGUE IS OVER, LET'S FIND OUT WHAT THE SHOUTING IS ALL ABOUT... BERT CAINE IS GOING TO TELL YOU OF THE HORRIFIC HAPPENINGS ON THE OCEAN FLOOR THAT DROVE HIM INTO THE BOOBY HATCH AND LEFT HIM WITH A BAD CASE OF...

FULL FATHOM FRIGHT

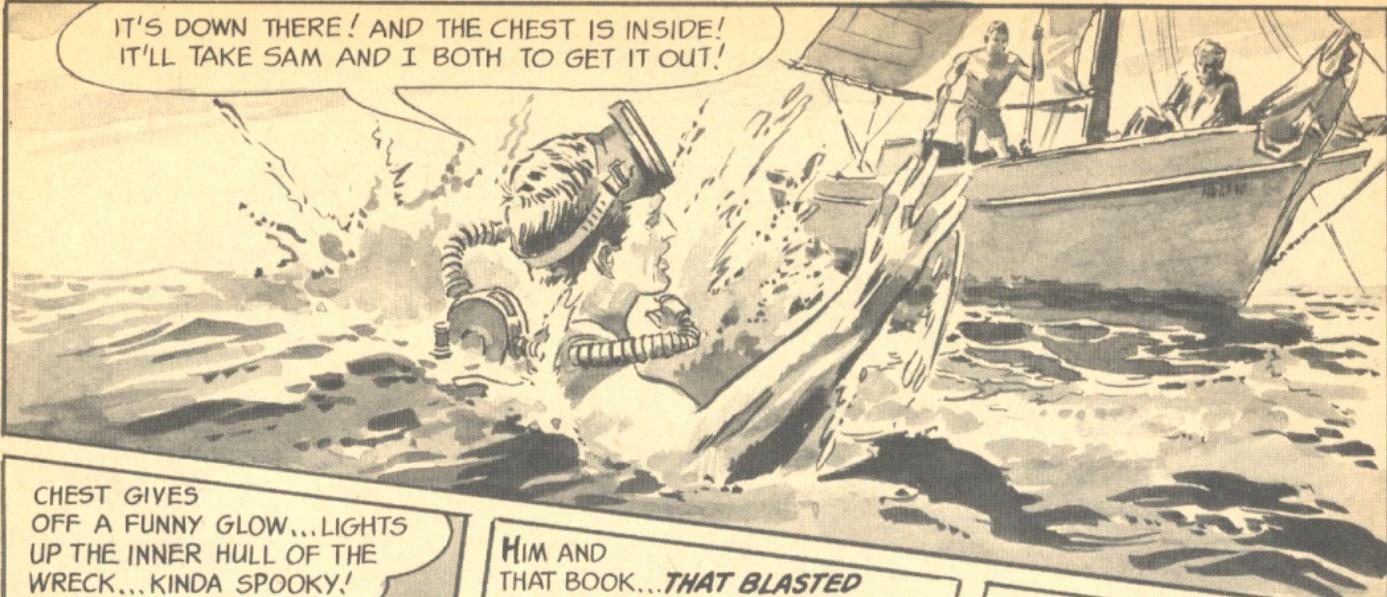
SAM AND I SHOULD NEVER HAVE LET THE OLD MAN CHARTER OUR BOAT OR OUR SERVICES... WE COULD HAVE GONE ON BEING BEACH BUMS, SCRAPING OUT A LIVING... BUT WE DIDN'T! WE WERE TOO EAGER... AND GREEDY!

THE OLD MAN WASN'T NUTS! IT'S DOWN HERE ... JUST LIKE HE SAID!



Gene Colan

IT'S DOWN THERE! AND THE CHEST IS INSIDE!
IT'LL TAKE SAM AND I BOTH TO GET IT OUT!



CHEST GIVES
OFF A FUNNY GLOW...LIGHTS
UP THE INNER HULL OF THE
WRECK...KINDA SPOOKY!
MUST BE PHOSPHORUS!

HIM AND
THAT BOOK...*THAT BLASTED
OLD BOOK*...WITH ITS HAND-
SCRAWLED PAGES...ANCIENT AND EVIL...

JUST AS THE BOOK
SAID! YOU
MUST BRING
IT UP
IMMEDIATELY!

MUST BE
SOMETHIN'
PRETTY VALUABLE
IN THAT CHEST...
MAYBE TREASURE,
HUH?

VALUABLE?
BEYOND YOUR WILDEST DREAMS!
DON'T TRY TO OPEN IT DOWN
THERE... JUST BRING IT UP
TO **ME!** I'VE WAITED YEARS FOR
THIS... IT'S GOING TO BE
MINE! TO DO WITH AS I
WANT... **MINE!** AFTER CEN-
TURIES BELOW...



GUESS THAT
TREASURE WON'T
BE HIS AFTER
ALL...



HEY! NOW WE CAN GET
A LOOK AT THE BOOK...
SEE HOW HE KNEW ABOUT
ALL THIS!

WITH THAT
TREASURE
CHEST WAITIN'
BELOW?
COME ON!

IF ONLY I'D LOOKED AT THE
BOOK **THEN!** INSTEAD OF
AFTERWARD WHEN IT WAS
TOO LATE!

ALL WE COULD THINK
OF WAS GOLD AND
JEWELS WAITING FOR
US IN THE ROTTING
HULL OF THAT SHIP...
WAITING IN THAT STRANGE
GLOWING CHEST...

SAM WAS MORE
ANXIOUS THAN
I WAS...
WHEN HE SAW
THE LIGHT
COMING FROM
WITHIN THE
HULL, HE
PUSHED ON
AHEAD...

HE COULDN'T WAIT...
BEFORE I COULD
CATCH UP, SAM WAS
PRYING AT THE LID
TO THE CHEST...



POOR SAM! HE NEVER GOT TO SEE THE BOOK... NEVER GOT TO KNOW ABOUT THE SHIP AND ITS ORIGINAL PASSENGERS... A WEIRD CULT DRIVEN OUT OF ENGLAND...DRIVEN OUT FOR WORSHIPPING ... DEMONS!

THE OLD MAN HAD KNOWN! FOUND THE BOOK AND BELIEVED...WANTED TO REKINDLE THE CULT'S POWER...TO BRING BACK WHAT HAD BEEN SHUT IN THE CHEST FOR THE CENTURIES SINCE THE SHIP WAS SUNK!



THE T-THING TORE INTO SAM AND CAME RUSHING FORWARD TOWARD ME... SOMEHOW MY PETRIFIED FINGERS FOUND THE TRIGGER TO THE SPEAR GUN...



THE WATER BOILED WITH THE CREATURE'S THRASHINGS AS THE SPEAR WENT HOME, THEN TURNED INTO AN INKY BLACK CLOUD... AND OUT OF IT SWIRLED WHAT WAS LEFT OF MY BROTHER!



I CLUTCHED ONTO SAM AND SHOT FOR THE SURFACE, NEVER ONCE LOOKING BACK TO THE DEPTHS BELOW WHERE I KNEW THAT CENTURIES OLD HORROR WAS STILL LOOSE AND RAMPANT!



SOMEHOW I MADE IT TO OUR BOAT... BUT AS I PULLED SAM ABOARD...

SAM! WHAT THE --



OH, MY GOD!



LIKE A WEREWOLF OR VAMPIRE, THE BITE OF THE DEMON HAD BEEN INFECTIOUS... TRANSFORMING SAM! BUT BEING A CREATURE OF THE DEEP, ONE OTHER ELEMENT WAS NECESSARY FOR THE CHANGE... WATER!

THUD

COULD I
BECOME ONE TOO? THE THING
THAT HAD ONCE BEEN MY BROTHER
WAS DRAGGING ME NEAR THE
SIDE OF THE BOAT TOWARD THE
WATER WHEN MY HAND GRASPED
COLD STEEL...

IT WAS MY LAST DESPERATE
CHANCE! I JERKED THE SPEAR FROM
THE OLD MAN'S BODY AND PLUNGED
IT INTO THE CREATURE!



WOUNDED AND
BLEEDING, I GRASPED THE
OLD MAN'S BOOK, THAT
VOLUME OF THE CULT HANDED
DOWN FOR GENERATIONS,
LOOKING FOR ANSWERS...
ANSWERS I NOW KNOW
ALL TOO WELL!

I
WAS
STILL
READING
THE BOOK
WHEN
THAT
AWESOME
THING FROM
BELOW
STRUCK
WITH FULL
FURY!

SMASHHH



EPILOGUE: THE PATIENT'S SCREAMING STILL ECHOED IN THE CORRIDORS AS THE DOCTORS CHATTED IN THEIR OFFICE...

COAST GUARD FOUND HIM ATOP A LARGE PIECE OF WRECKAGE... REMARKABLY ENOUGH, HE'D MANAGED TO KEEP DRY... BUT NOT THIS BOOK! MOST OF THE INK'S BEEN WASHED AWAY...

THE BOOK WAS HARMLESS! GUILT OVER KILLING THE OLD MAN MADE BERT'S MIND CREATE THE DEMON, DROVE HIM TO KILL SAM... IT HAPPENED IN THE WATER, HENCE HIS NEUROTIC FEAR WATER WILL TRANSFORM HIM... IT'S CLASSIC!

I KNOW... YET I WORRY ABOUT SHOCK THERAPY...

NO NEED TO... IT'S JUST THE STANDARD TREATMENT! THAT'S WHY I'M UNEASY.. THE TREATMENT INCLUDES ELECTRO-THERAPY PLUS--





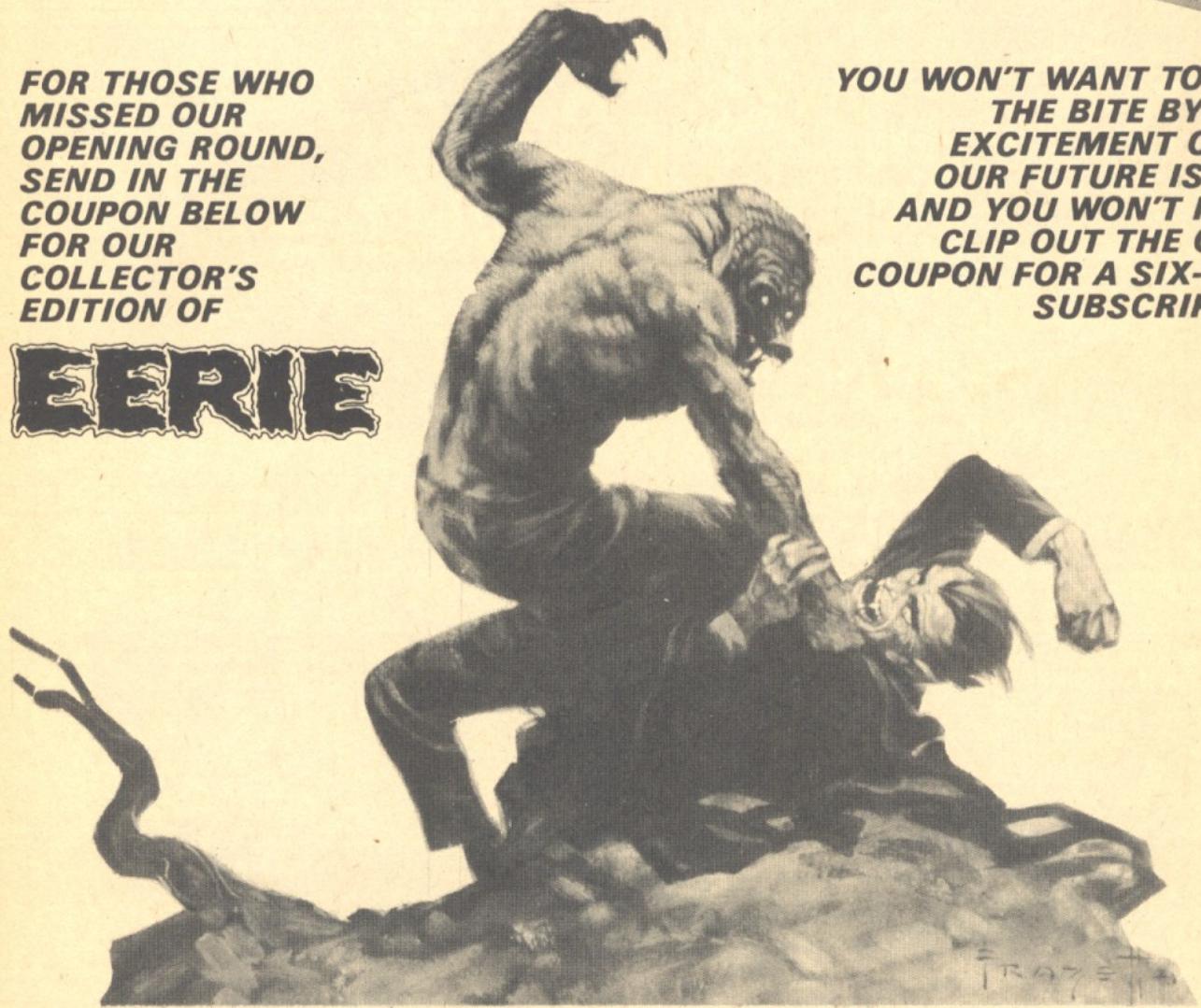
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MISSSED OUR
OPENING ROUND,
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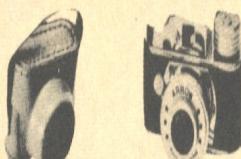
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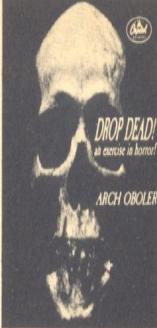
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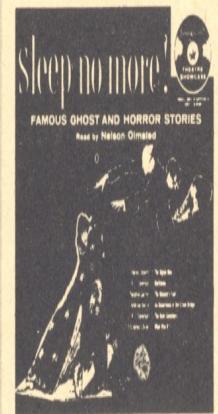
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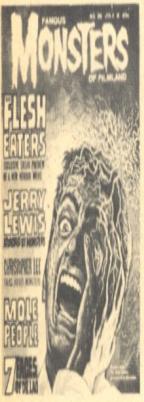
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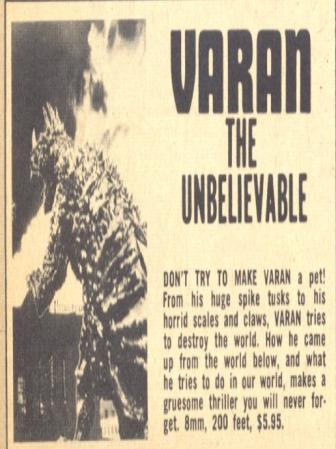
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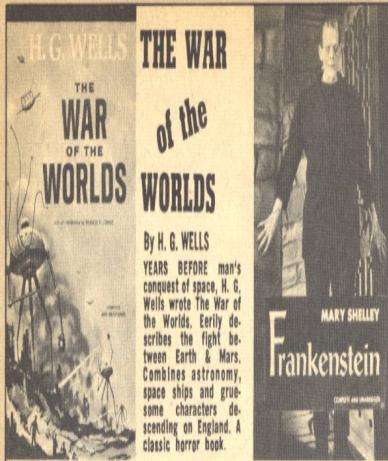
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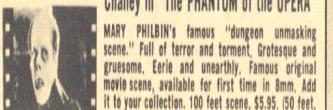
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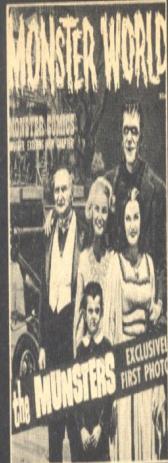
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